THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Efforts Made to Revive Flagging Enthusiasm in One of the Local Divisions—The Cause of Hibernianism Growing Throughout the State.

The Annual Cook County Picnic of the Order at Columbia Park Promises to be Successful, But Active Work Is Needed to Insure Success.

Sunday, Aug. 30, is the date for the A. O. H. Cook county picnic. The result of the event is anxiously awaited by the members of the County Board, and especially by those acting on the committee of arrangements. The picnic is a departure from the usual style of entertainment, and is certainly more likely to receive the support of members' families, inasmuch as it affords a pleasant trip into the country and every facility for rational enjoyment. I understand some forty-six prizes will be distributed by the committee on games, and am informed that all are of a class which promises well for interest on a large scale. Three trains will afford ample accommodation for transportation, and large crowds are expected at every way station if the members have done their duty. In the last seven words lies the secret of our success or failure. Sunday will settle the matter of considering the possibilities of a county picnic next year on a gigantic scale—a picnic which would be worthy of the Order and enjoyable to all members. Let us hope Sunday's experience will prove the devotion of the Cook county A. O. H. to their Order and their anxiety to improve its standing in the eyes of the community in which it exists.

A special meeting of Div. 15 was held on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., to inquire into the causes of lack of interest and attendance on the part of the members. Among the visitors present were County President Henely, State President J. T. Keating, P. Reynolds, of Div. 26, J. F. Flanagan, of Div. 16, County Secretary Lamb, Dr. McNamara, of Div. 37, and several others from Divs. 23 and 26. Rev. Father Murphy, of the parish of the Visitation, was also present. The reverend gentleman spoke earnestly of his interest in the Order, and pledged his help to assist the members in building up Div. 15, expressing his appreciation of the power for the good which he recognized within the scope of the organization. After some addresses from the other visitors, including a cheering speech by Brother McNamara, the worthy president, Brother Breen, submitted his experiences and called for expressions of opinion on the part of the members. The discussion led to a consideration of all the obstacles which the division had to contend with, and evoked a strong determination to bring No. 15 up to its old standard of efficiency. I am of the opinion that the meeting was a judicious one, and cannot but be productive of good results.

Division 21 held a reunion of its members and friends on Saturday, Aug. 22, and brought over three hundred stalwart young Irishmen together in Kuehl's hall, Clybourne and Ashland avenues. It was a very pleasant gathering, one of the best ever held in Cook county. The Rev. Father Judge presided and handled the programme with that kindly grace with which only a "soggarth aroon" is sufficiently gifted. In his opening address, which was the first number on the programme, the reverend gentleman spoke on the benefits of Catholic organizations, especially those which blended the social with the benevolent features. He praised the good work of the Ancient Order, and in flattering terms spoke of his personal knowledge of its worth. He concluded by urging the members to increase their numbers, to open their ranks to the many good and true who awaited admission, and promised his hearty support and earnest sympathy in their labor. Excellent singing by Messrs. Lavelle, Murphy and Molony was much applauded, as well as the flute, violin and banjo selections rendered by Messrs. Cronin, Rogers and Bockelman. The dancing of Irish jigs and reels by Messrs. McNeany and Madden proved a most popular number, and the audience seemed to regret that only one number of the same was included in the list. The recitations of Messrs. Dillon, Murray, O'Connor and Ed Ryan were of great merit, the last-mentioned gentleman winning an encore by his dramatic rendition of patriotic selections. An address by that veteran Hibernian, Brother Luke Lyons, made a deep impression on his listeners. He told the story of the Order as he knew it in the past, and his experience during twenty-six years of its power for good among the Irish people. His patriotic appeal to the youth of the race to step forward to assist in the great struggle for race and nation was heartily applauded, and as the speaker resumed his seat there was not a man present but was filled with admiration for the stalwart soul which through weal and woe remained true to the first principles and a devoted adherent of the cause of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

State President Keating spoke on the history of the Order and urged the fostering of Friendship and Unity among the Irish people. Perhaps the most interesting number was a display of ventriloquial powers by Brother John Lavelle. It was a very clever and amusing performance. At the conclusion of the regular programme volunteers kept the ball rolling until the "wee sma' hours," when all rose, and, following the leadership of Brother Michael O'Leary, joined in the chorus of "God Save Ireland." Div. 21 is not yet a year old, but for energy, and enthusiasm it has no superiors. The best thanks of the Order are due to the officers and members of Div. 21 for the earnest progress they have made and the good example they are setting the other divisions on the North Side.

The postponed picnic of Div. 19 was held in Oswald's Grove on Sunday, the 23d inst. While the day was not, perhaps, as promising as it might have been, the event proved a fair success socially and financially. Brothers Thomas and Waldron proved good managers, and spared no effort to make the day pleasant for all. An address was delivered by State President Keating on the growth and present condition of the Order.

The Will county Hibernians had a splendid outing on Aug. 15. A most pretentious programme had been prepared by the committee of arrangements. Hon. James O'Donnell, of Bloomington, and Hon. D. F. Curley, of Chicago, were the orators of the occasion. The event was very successful in every way, warranting the hope that the 15th of August will be celebrated annually hereafter in Will county.

Champaign County Hibernians had an excursion to Alvin on Aug. 16. It was the first attempt of the kind in that locality, and some feared the novelty of the undertaking deterred many of availing themselves of the trip. Brother McDonnell, the energetic county president, worked very hard for success, and is very well satisfied with the result. A mysterious announcement, styled the "hurdy-gurdy," was a source of considerable fun until the fat men's race came off, and everything else was forgotten when the picnickers saw a band of men, weighing nearly 275 pounds each, start off on a half mile race. It was a fearful and wonderful sight, and was won by Brother Hagan of Champaign. The panting heroes recovered from the unwonted exertion slowly, and last reports are that all are doing well. Champaign county should encourage such social events, and the resident Hibernians will find much good resulting from the same.

Iroquois county has been organized, through the excellent work of [illegible] Moore, Quinlan and Higgins. Who will be next to add a name to our roster?

The State per capita tax! Where is it? Five divisions in Cook county have responded, and it is nearly four months since the State convention, and two months since a call was issued. On Oct. 1, new merchandise will be distributed, but who will be to blame for the grumbling because of divisions in arrears? The state secretary is now in communication with every county president, on the duty which will devolve on their shoulders in the premises. I am glad to learn that the county presidents announce their intention of enforcing the law to the letter.

Brother Clohesey has the new constitution and by-laws printed and ready for distribution. All divisions should provide themselves with sufficient copies for their membership. Brother Clohesy is also able to supply all stationery needed by division officers. ED.

Release of John Daly.

DUBLIN, Aug. 23.—The Kilkenny Journal, commenting upon the release of John Daly, the Irish political prisoner, from Portland prison, says: "The red Indian's torture of captives is humane when compared with the torture inflicted upon Daly in England." Continuing, the Journal refers to the allusion in the queen's speech to the outrages in Armenia, and adds: "The queen can find nearer home more vent for her hypocritical tears than among the Kurds," and asks: "Where's the queen's clemency? Daly was released a few months before death would have released him, and three others have been driven mad by tortures in penal servitude, compared with which Siberian exile is drawing-room imprisonment. This is the way Victoria wishes to signalize her record reign. She would not have been a loss to the victims of her brutal rule in Ireland if she had gone years ago. At the present moment she knows that she is standing in the way of those who wish to see her in her royal sepulcher, and she has neither the grace to abdicate nor the humanity to open her prisons to Irishmen until they precede her on the voyage from which none return."

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—The executive committee of the Irish National Alliance has issued an appeal to the Irish people in America to contribute funds for the relief of the Irish prisoners released, and to be released from English prisons. Their health is said to be shattered. Contributions should be sent without delay, the appeal says, to P. V. Fitzpatrick, treasurer Irish National Alliance, 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

FROM ERIN'S ISLE.

A Reverend Correspondent Sends to "The Citizen" His Views Concerning the "Convention of the Irish Race" to be Held in Dublin, and Other Important Matters.

Emigration Temporarily Checked—Ireland a Better Place for the Average Laboring Man than America—Conditions Somewhat Improved.

[*To the Editor.*]

DUBLIN, Aug. 11.—The approaching convention of the Irish race, to be held in this city early in September, excites very little interest in Ireland. In fact it is very hard to arouse the popular mind to political agitation of any kind. In this respect, at least, the contrast between the present time and five years ago is very marked. The cause of this, of course, is to be found in the wretched dissensions which have entered the National party ranks. Patriotic Irishmen have not utterly lost hope, but they realize that the moment is not at all propitious. Many have grown indifferent, some are intensely bitter, but all are ashamed of the present situation. They will tell you that Ireland's cause is being sacrificed to personal vanity or personal spite. Some assert that it is merely a battle of finance among the newspapers. But may add that the question is generally accorded the charity of silence, for no Irishman speaks of politics unless urged thereto by the inquiring stranger.

The parliamentary factions—I presume I cannot give them a better name—feel their position keenly. Whatever may be thought of their conduct, I believe they are in the main patriots. They love union, but claim that they cannot possibly agree. They assure you that there is much more than personal feeling in the matter. The Redmondites profess to stand for independent parliamentary action along the lines drawn by Parnell, and accuse the others, both Dillonites and Healyites, of being but an adjunct of the Liberal party. I need not say that this accusation is strenuously denied. It is admitted, indeed, that there is a friendship, but no alliance, between the Nationalist and Liberal parties, which friendship, it is asserted, originated with Parnell himself, and is justified by the fact that the Liberals stand committed to Home Rule for Ireland. Without waiting to examine these and other arguments with which the factions support their respective positions, I may say that as far as I can see there is no present hope of reconciliation between the so-called Parnellites and anti-Parnellites. With the Dillonites and Healyites the case is, I think, different. The breach between these is not so wide, and, moreover, it is narrowing. It would seem that Mr. Healy and his friends have been contending merely for more consideration in the counsels of the party and a wider toleration of individual activity. In other words, they objected to the strict party discipline of Parnell's time.

That the Healyites are valuable members is beyond question. This must have been apparent to the most casual observer during the discussion of the present land bill. No private member on either side of the house, received the attention and consideration accorded the Healyites; simply because they manifested a knowledge of Irish land laws such as no other member could boast of. That the Healy faction will reunite with the majority under its present leader I do not think. I will, however, be much surprised if in the near future an effort be not made to induce Mr. Sexton to return to public life, and accept the leadership of the Nationalist party. Should such effort be successfully undertaken, Mr. Healy and his followers would at once return to party allegiance.

The coming convention will, therefore, have an important work to perform. If wise counsels prevail, good will come of it; otherwise the breach will be but widened. I need not tell you that at present efforts are being made in more than one quarter, to discredit in advance the work of this assembly. It is said that the invitation to the convention has come, not from Ireland's representatives, but from a section of them, that the choice of delegates is being regulated by this section, ank that the purpose in view is merely to sustain a faction. Notwithstanding this, I hold that it is possible for the convention to accomplish a vast amount of good. But in order to do it, it must cut itself free from all factions, and make it clearly seen that it meets in the interest of Ireland and not in the interest of any section of Irishmen, no matter how respectable or patriotic. Delegates from abroad will do well to come without prejudice, and to hold themselves open to conviction. It is a great mistake to suppose that every man who breaks loose from his party is a wilful traitor. In party counsels there should be a large toleration. Men are not politically educated under a dictatorship, nor even under a tyrannical majority. The present Tory government is an exceedingly strong one, but it holds its forces together by compromise.

Worthy of note is the extreme courtesy with which the average American is now everywhere treated upon English soil. Equally noteworthy is the satisfaction with which some Americans "lay the flattering unction to their souls." We are indeed cousins who well nigh forgot our relationship. The Tory government has declared that it will kill Home Rule with kindness. It would seem that John Bull is equally determined to kill the Venezuela difficulty with kindness. Yet it is instructive to watch John's incessant activity in his navy department. If he wants peace he is surely preparing for the other alternative.

Emigration from Ireland during the last three months shows a decrease of nearly 4,000 from the corresponding period of last year. This would appear a hopeful sign, but I think not quite as significant as it might seem. I deem it largely due to the financial depression in the United States, which is now well understood here. It is quite evident that the exodus will continue. The youth of Ireland do not see much opportunity for them in their native land. They are of course often very much mistaken. The case at home is not always as bad as they imagine, nor are the prospects in other lands at all so rosy as they would make them. Farm hands in Ireland are exceedingly scarce, and hence tolerably well paid. I have no hesitation in saying that the common laborer will have more money laid by at the end of the year in Ireland than he will in America.

England and Scotland, in their present prosperous condition, may offer a better field, but to my mind England and Scotland are countries which no Irishman or woman should touch. I would rather see my friends starve at home than see them in affluence across the channel. England's morals are as foreign to an Irishman as is England's faith. After seeing both peoples I would advise their complete and permanent separation. They can have one heart and mind only when Irishmen forget the exalted ideals bequeathed to them by a faithful and spiritual ancestry. I have no confidence that the Catholic organization as it is in England today is capable of preserving the faith and morals of the humbler class of Irish. Indeed I am persuaded that if there be a body of people in the world, that has received more attention than it is entitled to, it is the English Catholics.

While there are evidences of poverty, or at least of limited means, almost everywhere in Ireland, there are comparatively few dependent upon charity. The number of persons receiving outdoor relief is less by almost 13,000 than the average for the last ten years. This is of course owing largely to the po[illegible] which was remarkably good last year. The present year, notwithstanding conflicting reports, seems to promise well. I think that if the weather, which as I write is trembling in the balance, prove favorable to harvesting, Ireland will have another year of comparative plenty. However all farm produce, excepting cattle, is at a very low figure.

I venture to forecast that Ireland will witness in the near future a systematic effort towards the revival of industries, and also towards more intelligent methods of farming. There is a very general conviction that things are not as they should, nor yet as they might be. I look to this discontent as a hopeful sign. An article published lately, entitled "Made in Germany," has attracted wide attention even here in Ireland. In this it is clearly shown that the Irish and English too are being driven out of the markets of the world through the total neglect of manual training in the common schools. The discussion following the publication in question would seem to indicate that something will be attempted. However it is only under a native government that Ireland can hope to see its resources developed, and its children kept at home.

Taking Ireland all in all, I am convinced that the people are vastly improved. The lack of landlordism is broken, and they feel an emancipated people. I need not tell your readers that landlordism was a cruel tyranny. Such it can never be again. Its claims and pretensions are becoming daily more and more circumscribed, and it is only a question of time until the whole institution has gone down to a dishonored grave. H. P. S.

WILD GEESE.

I have heard the curlew crying
On a lonely moor and moss:
And the sea-gull's shriek in the gloaming
Is a lonely sound in the ear.
And I've heard the brown thrush mourning
For her children stolen away;
But it's O for the homeless Wild Geese
That sailed ere the dawn of day!

For the curlew out on the moorland
Hath five fine eggs in her nest:
And the thrush will get her new love
And sing her song with the best.
As the swallow flies to the Summer
Will the gull return to the sea:
But never the wings of the Wild Geese
Will flash over seas to me.

And 'tis ill to be roaming, roaming,
With homesick heart in the breast!
And how long I've looked for your coming,
And my heart is the empty nest!
O sore in the land of the stranger
They'll pine for the land far away!
But the day of Aughrim, my sorrow,
It was you was the bitter day!

KATHERINE TYNAN.

It Is a Fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the Only True Blood Purifier, has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even when other medicines fail to do any good.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

DOCK DEFIANCE.

Manly Utterances of John Flood and Michael Cody When Asked to Say Why Sentence Should Not Be Passed Upon Them by an Ermined Traitor.

Cowardly Scheme On the Part of the British Law Officers to Implicate Flood in an Offense of Which He Had No Knowledge.

With Edward Duffy, two prisoners named John Flood and James Duffy, alias Michael Cody, were placed on trial. As there was no connection whatever between them except the common bond of Fenianism, people wondered why the three prisoners were grouped in the one indictment. The motive of the crown soon became apparent. One of the charges against Cody was that he belonged to an assassination committee formed in connection with the movement, for the purpose of removing obnoxious judges, jurymen and witnesses; and as Duffy and Flood were known to be two of the most trusted men in connection with the confederacy in Ireland, the attorney-general sought to involve them in the disgrace such an indictment would bring. In vain the prisoners' advocate, Isaac Butt, protested that the two men should not be placed on trial with a man against whom an odious charge was made. Flood had been arrested with Capt. McAfferty, and as he was charged with participation in the Chester castle affair, it was with McAfferty he should have been tried. Both the prisoners had an indictmen of high treason pending against them, and Butt asked that they should be tried separately. The judges could not see any unfairness in the action of the crown, and the trial proceeded.

Like Hugh Francis Brophy, John Flood had taken a prominent though quiet part in the movement for years. He was entirely trusted by the leaders, and was one of the few men who aided in the [illegible] escape of James Stephens from Richmond jail. With Col. Kelly, he also assisted in getting Stephens out of Ireland months later, and accompanied him to Paris, the captain of the Concord, by which vessel they left the Liffey, being a close personal friend and fellow-townsman of Flood's. On his return he was appointed chief organizer of the movement in England and Scotland, and when the American officers came to England they were rendered every assistance possible by Flood, whom they described as a man of great energy, and one relied on by the people. With McAfferty he projected the attack on Chester Castle, and the determined men who assembled in response to his summons showed that he had all the qualities of an expert and capable leader. In person he is described as a fine-looking man, of frank, handsome features, with full beard and mustache.

Corydon was the chief witness against Flood and Cody. He swore that he repeatedly saw them together at Fenian meetings in Liverpool, and in company with Col. Kelly, Gen. Halpin and others. On one occasion he saw Col. Kelly give Cody money for the purposes of the "shooting committee," of which Cody was head of the civil portion and John Devoy of the military. On the usual verdict being returned, Flood, who spoke in a strong, clear voice said:

"My Lords, I have been convicted on the evidence of three men. Not one word of truth has either of them sworn. To begin with Corydon. I will say that I was not present at the meeting he describes as having taken place in Liverpool. I knew nothing about it, and I believe that the crown counsel have had in their hands the means of disproving what he said. I believe that Massey's evidence would go to disprove it, and, in fact, there never was a directory of which I was a member. The crown had that evidence in their hands, and would not produce it. Now I say I have been unfairly dealt with otherwise, and I say that, by a sort of legal legerdemain, I have been placed on trial here on the terrible charge of assassination. No man in this court could regard such a charge with greater horror than I do. No man has a greater horror of it, and I never heard of such an odious and abominable conspiracy as the witness Meara has deposed to. I am sure that no true Irishman would attempt to have anything to do with such a thing. I heard nothing about it, and I do say that, if I should have been tried with any one, I should have been tried with McAfferty, the man with whom I was identified, and with whom I was arrested. I might have got a fair trial then, but I declare I have not had a fair trial. There has been an extreme course adopted by the crown toward me from my arrest to the present hour. I say they had evidence in their possession which would have gone to prove my innocence, and it has been suppressed. Let them deny it. The attorney-general says he thinks he is above motives. I impute no motives. I state facts and leave the world to judge. You saw how the identification has been proved against me by that woman from Chester. I will tell you how such a thing is carried on. We are taken to Mountjoy and paraded before the detective police, and day after day came groups of people, either informers or detectives from England or elsewhere, always accompanied by one or more of the detectives who came there the day before; and I do not know but these people were told, 'that's Flood,' or 'that's McAfferty.' If they had come forward and identified me properly, they should have said, 'You are the man I saw in Chester, or Liverpool,' as the case may be. I repeat again that I have been unfairly dealt with in every sense of the word. The attorney-general has alluded to me repeatedly as 'that wretched man.' If loving my country through my whole life should make me wretched I am wretched indeed; for I tell you now, and I tell the world, that I not only abhor assassination, but that I would rather go to my doom than be guilty of the moral assassination that has been practiced against me. I am ready, my lords, for my sentence."

When Cody's turn to address the court came, he replied on being asked the usual question:

"As to the evidence of Foley, there are two men prepared to say he never saw me until he was brought to Kilmainham. Meagher says he met me in company with Baines, in the Canal tavern, with a parcel of bowie knives. This, also, is false, for I never had a bowie knife in my possession, but the one which was found in my possession in Lesson lane. As to my acquaintance with St. Clair, and some others, I feel proud to be acquainted with them. From the moment I became sensible of my arrest, I was fully confident that a case would be trumped up against me. As to Corydon, he also swears that he knew me in 1865, and that I filled the position of centre, military organizer, detective, and chief of the assassination committee. I am not so presumptuous as to imagine myself competent to fill any one of them; but in justice to my own character, and in justice to the character of the men who are in the dungeons of Portland, I think I have a right to say that that charge is altogether unfounded. I am now about to be deprived of my liberty, perhaps for life, and I would scorn to say what is false, even to get out of this dock; and before God and this assembly I say that the charge against me of being connected with that assassination committee, is as false as God is true. I have nothing more to say."

Baron Deasy, in sentencing the prisoners, said he entirely believed that neither Duffy nor Flood had any knowledge of the assassination committee, but he regretted that men of their intelligence and position should have expressed sentiments in the dock which, if widely propagated, would cause much injury. Both of them had the education and natural qualities which, if exerted in a better cause and [illegible] would have raised them high in the social scale; but it must be remembered that they belonged to a class which labored under no special grievance, and which had no cause to concern itself with the attempt to overthrow the constituted authority. As for Cody, the arms found on him—two seven-chambered revolvers and a bowie-knife, were not necessary for his self defense, and this in itself proved and confirmed his connection with the abominable crime of assassination. He then sentenced Duffy and Flood to fifteen years' penal servitude each, and Cody to twenty years.

The judge could hot have paid a higher tribute to the character of Flood and Duffy than when he stated that though they themselves labored under no special grievance, they had devoted their energies to conspiracy and organization. Emmet and Tone, O'Brien and Mitchel, Stephens and O'Leary, had no "special grievances" of their own to redress, yet their energies were devoted to their country, and their actions led them to the prison cell and scaffold.—Irish Weekly Independent.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

It was field day with the members of the Gaelic Athletic Association last Sunday, and several hundred persons gathered to see what was expected to be a good afternoon's sport. The sport was good, but the delays between events strung out a programme which should have been decided in a couple of hours to over four hours. Music was furnished on the Scotch bagpipes, the player, however, being evidently a son of Erin. The feature of the day was the all round form shown by M. McElligot, of the Young Ireland Football club, who won two firsts, one second and ran a dead heat with Byrne in the 200 yards. Richard Barry, who in past years has carried off the chief honors, only took part in three events, winning one first and one second prize. The summaries: One hundred yards race—G. Byrne, De LaSalle A. C., first; John Hennessey, second. Won by two yards. Three hundred yards race, handicap—M. McElligot, 315 yards, first; R. Barry, scratch, second. Won by three yards. Long jump—D. Dailey, 17 feet 6½ inches, first; M. McElligot, 17 feet 1½ inches, second. Throwing fourteen pound weight—T. O'Neill Jones, 46 feet 1 inch, first; Burke, 45 feet ½ inch, second. Two hundred yards race, handicap—M. McElligot, 15 yards, and G. Byrne, scratch, ran a dead heat: M. Mahony, 20 yards, third. Quarter mile race—M. McElligot, scratch, first; J. Moran, second. Running, hop, step and jump—R. Barry, 41 feet 3½ inches, first; D. Dailey, 37 feet 9½ inches, second.

Harvest Excursions.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, and October 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet, no charge, about western farm lands to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

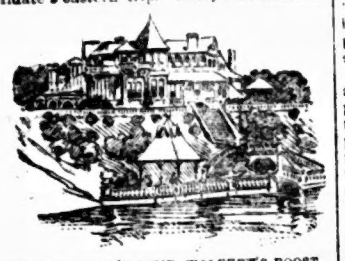
BRYAN AND HILL.

The Two to Partake of a Lunch-eon at Hill's Home.

ONE THAT MAY PROVE HISTORIC

And Settle the Attitude of the New York Senator to the Chicago Nominee, if That Is Yet to Settle—Secretary Smith's Resignation from the Cabinet—Major McKinley Receives Several Thousand People from Pennsylvania—Chairman Jones' Appeal for the Sinews of War.

UPPER RED HOOK, N. Y., Aug. 24.—The fact that William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for the presidency, will lunch with Senator Hill, the leader of the party organization in this state, became known yesterday to the little party of politicians inhabiting the Red Hook hotel and inspired more anticipatory discussion among them than any other incident of the candidate's eastern trip. Every one assumed



SENATOR HILL'S HOME, WOLFERT'S ROOST.

that Hill had resolved to support the nominee of the party; else, they argue, he would hardly invite him to sit at his table. And the lunch is taken as a practical announcement of Hill's determination, which is expected to be followed by a more formal declaration of the senator's attitude. Bryan will arrive in Albany tomorrow afternoon, and will have two hours for refreshment before the speech which he is billed to make.

Lunch Will Be a Political Event.

He will spend two hours, according to the programme which has been arranged for him, at Wolfert's Roost, the handsome residence which Hill bought of Frits Emmett, the actor. This visit having been arranged that the Democratic candidate and the senator may come to an understanding if they have not already done so, will mark a distinct epoch in the campaign. The fact of the invitation from Senator Hill, which message comes—it is understood—through Chairman Hinkley, of the state committee, is taken by the politicians here as an answer to the question which has stirred the state since the day of the Chicago convention—whether Senator Hill will support the ticket.

Bryan Is Out for Information.

Today Bryan will go to Winnisock Lodge in the Catskills, to pass the night with State Chairman Hinkley and other party managers of the state organization, and to discuss with them the plans for the campaign. He will meet other prominent Democrats in the cities up the state which he is to visit, and, before he leaves New York will know what measure of support he is to receive from the leaders in this state. The representative of the Associated Press asked Bryan whether he was to lunch with Hill, and he replied diplomatically: "I have not been fully advised concerning the arrangements which are made for my entertainment in Albany."

THOUSANDS VISIT M'KINLEY.

Farmers and Other Citizens from Pennsylvania Travel to Canton.

CANTON, O., Aug. 25.—Two thousand farmers, mechanics and other citizens of Newcastle, Elwood and other parts of Lawrence county, Pa., reached Canton shortly before noon Saturday. Along their long journey they had many recruits. When they had paraded to the McKinley home 6,000 people crowded over the lawn and surged into the streets round about. And then it rained, while bands played and thousands of enthusiastic voices cheered, and cannons boomed, and steam calliopes lent their noise to the medley of the crowd.

The people stood through the rain for an hour. They waved their banners and beat their tin helmets. They carried inscriptions: "We want back the good old McKinley times." "We want the furnaces and factories started, not the rich men's silver mines." "Honest money and a chance to earn it." "Free trade makes cheap men." "Free silver makes cheap money." "We want work and work paid in good money." The presentation was made by ex-Representative Oscar L. Jackson, who put tariff forward as the chief issue.

Major McKinley in his response said there were two issues and one of them was the money question. In the course of his speech he said: "The people want neither free trade nor free silver. [Cheering.] The one will degrade our labor; the other our money." [Applause.] After his speech the major held a reception and shook hands with his visitors.

The cannon which was brought with the visitors was made of 118 pieces of bullets, bugles and other war relics. With the cannon Comrade J. R. Trax, of Newcastle, saluted every town from Newcastle to Canton. He fired a salute on the parade and another in front of Major McKinley's residence.

HOKE SMITH OUT OF THE CABINET.

Because He Was the Only Member Supporting Bryan and Sewall.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—For some time rumors have appeared in print on the probability of the early resignation of Secretary Hoke Smith. There can now be no doubt but that he has resigned and that his resignation has been accepted. For some days past shipments have been made to Atlanta of his books and papers, and it is learned he has declined to set any departmental business to be heard by him for a date later than this month.

The news that Secretary Hoke Smith had resigned and that his resignation had been accepted created a considerable stir in political circles here although the probability of Smith's retirement had been, in a measure, anticipated ever since his paper, the Atlanta Journal, declared that it would support Bryan and Sewall. It is known that the personal relations between the president and Smith have in no wise been disturbed.

Beyond the question of his conception of party loyalty in acquiescing in the will of the majority Smith during his campaign for the gold standard in Georgia against ex-Speaker Crisp had given a personal pledge that he would if defeated support the nominees of the convention. As an honorable man his friends say he felt it his duty to redeem that pledge. He informed the president of his position and intentions and to avoid embarrassments placed his resignation at his disposal. It is said that Cleveland remonstrated.

BUZZARDS BAY, Mass., Aug. 25.—President Cleveland announces that ex-Governor Francis, of Missouri, has been appointed secretary of the interior, vice Hoke Smith.

JONES APPEALS FOR MONEY.

Chairman of the Democratic National Committee Wants Funds at Once.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Senator Jones, chairman of the national Democratic committee, has issued an appeal "To the People of the United States," which, after asserting the importance of the issue this year and declaring that "it presents an alternative at once imperative and terrible; it is imperative because delay make take from us the possibility of choice, and terrible because of the dire consequences which must follow failure, proceeds to say that "the enemy" has unlimited money which is being used to mislead and delude the people, and the Democrats must counteract these tactics. He closes as follows:

"To do so we need money at once, and can only hope for help from the plain people. We only ask for the necessary means to conduct a vigorous and aggressive campaign. No matter in how small sums, no matter by what humble contributions, let the friends of liberty and national honor contribute all they can to the good cause. To the overflowing treasury of the money power we will oppose the accumulated offerings of the masses, fighting to be free, and ask the ruler of the universe for his blessing." Jones adds that the treasurer of the national committee is William P. St. John, Bartholdi hotel, New York city.

Illinois Gold Democratic Convention.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—The state executive committee of the gold Democratic party met yesterday to make final arrangements for the state convention in this city tomorrow. A general discussion of the situation brought out reports which it was said were encouraging to the idea of a third ticket. No word had been received from General Black, whether or not he would accept a nomination for governor, but the members of the committee expressed themselves satisfied that he would do so. Lloyd Hamilton, of Springfield, will probably be temporary chairman of the convention.

INJURED IN A RAILWAY WRECK.

General Mix-Up of Trains in Which Eight Persons Are Seriously Hurt.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 25.—Eight persons were seriously hurt, of whom five have a bare chance of life, and fifteen others were more or less injured in a wreck on the Pittsburg and Western railway at Valencia station, twenty-two miles from Pittsburg. The train was the mail and the disaster was a double one.

Following are the worst hurt: Mrs. William Marsh, Talmadge, O., head and body badly cut and bruised, will probably die; Mrs. C. F. Hyle, Evans City, Pa., badly cut and bruised, very serious; George Houston, train dispatcher, Newcastle Junction, Pa., recovery doubtful; John Curry, [illegible], Pa., [illegible] hurt; Mrs. William Morse, Lima, O., will probably die; D. Z. Schartz, Harmony, Pa., very serious; Mrs. Jennie Edenan, internally hurt, recovery doubtful; Garrett Culbert, Allegheny, slight chances of recovery. About fifteen others were more or less seriously hurt, but they refused to give their names.

It was a curious wreck. The mail train collided with a work train in this manner: The work train first ran into a freight train, and the grade being heavy, several cars of the work train ran back, colliding with the passenger train. The collision threw the cars over a steep embankment and a number of the passengers were caught in the wreck and seriously hurt.

WIND WENT BACK ON THEM.

The Canada and Vencedor Fail to Finish Their First Race.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 25.—After sailing over the first leg and a little more than half of the second of the international yacht race course yesterday, the judges declared the race off, as it was evident that neither boat could sail the twenty-four knot course within the time limit of five and one-half hours. There was no time from the start until the race was postponed that there was enough breeze to take the boats over the course in the time limit. It was a little more than a drift all the while the race was on.

The only thing demonstrated by the contest was that the Canada can outsail the Vencedor in a light wind, and that the Canada's sailors can outsail the crew on the Vencedor. The Canada took the lead after crossing the line and increased it to about one mile at the first turn, four nautical knots from the start. The Vencedor turned the first stake boat nearly twenty-seven minutes behind her rival.

Marriage of Gertrude Vanderbilt.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 25.—Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, was married today at high noon at "The Breakers," Vanderbilt's palace here, to Harry Payne Whitney, son of William C. Whitney, ex-secretary of the navy. Bishop Potter officiated. The wedding was followed by a breakfast and after a brief exchange of greetings and congratulations the bride and groom at once proceeded to Lenox, Mass., for the honeymoon.

May Result in a Duel.

ATLANTA, Aug. 24.—Correspondence which may result in a duel is now in progress between Charles A. Collier, president of the late Cotton States and International exposition and candidate for mayor, and Howell C. Erwin, a prominent lawyer. The trouble grew out of a statement by Erwin in a political speech. Friends are trying to prevent trouble.

THE DEATH RECORD.

EX-Congressman RANSOM W. DUNHAM of Chicago, at Springfield, Mass.

Hon. W. D. BALFOUR, provincial secretary of Toronto, Can.

JOHN H. ARNOLD, an old settler of Lockport, Ills.

CURTIS C. NICHOLS, veteran bank cashier, at Boston.

Captain John Fitzgerald, well-known vesselman, at Milwaukee.

John Chamberlin, the famous clubhouse man and hotelkeeper, at New York.

F. H. Kenney, an old settler of Mendota, Ill.

Rev. Joseph L. Montgomery, pioneer Methodist minister, at Bloomington, Ill.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

POINTS FROM CHANCELLOR RITCHIE'S ANNUAL REPORT.

Position of the K. of P. Stated as to the Foreigners—Want No Foreign Born Members Who Are Not Here to Become Americans in Language as Well as Everything Else.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 25.—The Forest City is about as "full as she'll hold," that is, of visitors. The Knights of Pythias are here by thousands and the brilliant exhibitions they will give have attracted other thousands who want to see the show. The thing most discussed in the ranks of the knights is the annual report of the supreme chancellor to the supreme lodge. He says that bad times have hit Pythianism hard, yet the order has grown steadily larger through the long season of hard times. Losses have been unprecedentedly large, but so have gains. Supreme Chancellor Walter B. Ritchie reports in his annual message that during the two years ended Dec. 31, 1895, the suspensions, practically all being for the non-payment of dues, amounted to 82,444. "These figures," he says, "are startling, and there should come from the supreme lodge some suggestion or recommendation which might be of benefit to the subordinate lodges."

The Quarrel About a Language.

But the portion of the report that is most interesting to outsiders is that relating to the German objection to the use of the United States language solely in the ritual. Of this matter Ritchie says that "most of the better class of German-American members have remained true to the order, in spite of the decision of the supreme lodge that all lodge work must be conducted in the English language." Of those who have seceded on this ground and of those who, sympathizing with them, have attacked the order, the chancellor emphatically declares: "The statement was made that our order was opposed to foreigners. This I resented with all the force at my command. Our order is American; it stands for country and for order, but believes in loyalty to flag and tongue. It welcomes those who come to us from foreign shores desiring to be Americans, knowing our language, observing our laws and aiding in the prosperity of our country.

The Order Stands for Americanism.

"And in using the word 'country' I do not limit it at all to what is commonly called the United States. Our order stands for Americanism. It says to those coming to our country not caring to know our language, not caring to observe our laws, not caring for our customs, thrice welcome will be the ship that shall bear you back to the land whence you came. This order in this country desires no man for a member who does not wish to know its tongue and does not care to familiarize himself with its laws, and has not a proper regard for its customs and its institutions. Fully 95 per cent. of the foreign membership of our order prior to the adoption of the new ritual are loyal today. Our order is better off, our country is better off without those who care not for its tongue, its laws and its customs."

Some Statistics of Pythianism.

The following figures are given in the report: The expenditures for relief in 1894 were $1,243,678; and in 1895, $1,350,696, an increase during the past two years of $215,000. The number of subordinate lodges on Dec. 31, 1893, was 5,998; and Dec. 31, 1895, 6,494, an increase in two years of 496. The number of members Dec. 31, 1893, was 443,615; and Dec. 31, 1895, 464,539, making net gain of 20,924. As evidence that the subordinate lodges are at work, the number of initiates during the years 1894-'95 was 103,193. The Uniform Rank has grown rapidly, showing an increase for two years ended last March of 104 divisions.

GRAND ARMY IS GATHERING.

First Veteran Arrived at St. Paul Last Wednesday—Mrs. Logan Present.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 24.—This city is rapidly donning holiday garb for the thirtieth Grand Army encampment, and already visitors for that big gathering have begun to arrive. The first arrival was a veteran who came last Wednesday, but others in daily increasing numbers have been coming and this week will see the crowds. For more than one mile South street has been decorated with flags and bunting, and Sixth street, along the line of parade, is now following suit. Although it is rather early for talk on the next place for holding the encampment and in regard to the next commander-in-chief, both these subjects have been under discussion.

As yet there has developed no opposition to Buffalo for the next encampment, and it is generally believed that the Lake City will secure the prize, its action at the last encampment having made it many friends. Mrs. John A. Logan, whose husband was the idol of the old soldiers, is already in the city visiting her daughter, and will remain until after the encampment. The reception tomorrow evening given by the ladies of St. Paul to the veterans and their friends will be one of the pleasantest features of the week.

This reception will be given along Summit avenue, which will be brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated for the occasion, the reception promenade extending a distance of over half a mile with five reception platforms and several bands. The street will be closed to traffic every night during the week and be made a grand promenade, but tomorrow night is made the chief reception night and veterans especially are invited to the reception.

The Fram Arrives Safely.

CHRISTIANA, Aug. 21.—After reaching the latitude of 86:15 north the Fram, Dr. Nansen's Arctic ship has drifted back to civilization with all on board well. The ship arrived at Skjervoe Wednesday evening. It goes without saying that she did not drift across the polar basin as Dr. Nansen expected she would.

Watson to Open in Texas.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—Chairman Butler, of the Populist national committee, announces that Tom Watson, the Populist candidate for vice president, will begin his speaking tour at Dallas, Texas, on Labor Day, Sept. 7, and from that time forward would be on the stump until election day.

Mighty Saucy Sort of Satellite.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—The discovery of a satellite crossing the disc of the sun was made by Louis Gathmann, a Chicago astronomical observer now in this city. This is said to be the first instance in which such a body has been known to cross the sun.

JOE PATCHEN'S GREAT FEAT.

Does a Mile in 2:03 and Sets the Pegs Ahead for Gentry.

RIGBY PARK, Me., Aug. 24.—The famous pacing stallion, Joe Patchen, has lowered the world's stallion pacing record by one-quarter of a second, going the mile in 2:03 flat, on the Rigby track. Two of the judges' watches showed the time to be one-fifth of a second less than 2:08. It was not a very favorable day for going against records, as a strong westerly wind was blowing when racing began. When the wind died down a little Jack Curry drove Joe Patchen for a trial. After a mile of warming up the black stallion was started down the track at a lively gait with a runner known as Little Friend, driven by Charles O'Brien.

A strong head wind was blowing. The judges caught the quarter at 0:30¼, and with the wind at his back the famous stallion reeled off the second quarter in 0:29½. The half was made in just one minute. On the third quarter the time was 0:30¼ and at a two-minute clip, Joe Patchen gathered himself for the last quarter. But here he met the strong wind again, against which he slowed down a bit, but made it in 0:32¾.

The announcement of the mile in 2:03 flat, one-quarter of a second better than the world's stallion pacing record held by John R. Gentry, set the crowd wild. They lifted Curry, the driver, out of his sulky, swarmed from the grand stand on to the track and cheered like mad men. Joe Patchen on Wednesday went an exhibition mile in 2:03¾ and a second mile in 2:04. The weather then was more favorable than this time. His former record was 2:04.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION CONVENTION.

Reports Showing a Satisfactory Increase in the Membership.

OMAHA, Aug. 21.—The Christian Union convention now in session here has been generally designated as an institute and hereafter the sessions will be largely devoted to instruction and addresses from various church dignitaries. The officers elected are: John G. Quay, of Denver, president; Mrs. Mary Porter Kyle, of Michigan, secretary, and W. J. Stewart, of Parnassus, Pa., treasurer. The report of the general secretary, J. A. Duff, showed 633 societies, with a membership of 28,380, a gain of 2,393 over last year.

These societies have contributed $23,299 for general purposes, and $7,011 for missions—a total of $35,310—an increase of $6,180 over last year. In the junior department there are 238 societies with a membership of 8,902, an increase of 2,451 over the last report. The balance of the day was devoted to interesting religious and instructive exercises.

Hotel Fired by Incendiaries.

CRESTON, Ia., Aug. 21.—The Cartwright hotel, a large frame house, was almost totally destroyed by incendiaries early Wednesday morning. The guests, numbering about twenty, barely escaped, some in their nightclothes. The firebugs bored holes through the weather boarding and pored coal oil between the boarding and sheeting, saturating the building. They fired it in half a dozen places.

Conferred on Iowa Politics.

DES MOINES, Aug. 21.—A conference of the Democratic leaders was held in this city Wednesday to talk over the situation in Iowa and map out the work of the campaign. It was attended by Charles Walsh, secretary of the national committee; General J. B. Weaver, Cato Sells of Vinton, C. S. Ranck of Iowa City, the entire state central committee, all of the state candidates and most of the electors.

Free Silver Carried Everything.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 24.—In the Democratic congressional primaries held here ex-Mayor W. S. Cowherd, an out-and-out free silver Democrat, carried everything. The gold Democrats had no candidate before the primaries.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.

Money on call firm at 3½@4 per cent.; no loans; prime mercantile paper, 7@8 per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills 485¼@485¾ for demand and 484¼@484¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 485@486½ and 486½@487¼; commercial bills, 483¼.

Silver certificates, 66¼@67¼; no sales, bar silver, 66¾; Mexican dollars, 51¼.

United States government bonds easier; new 4's registered, 112¾; do. coupons, 113¾; 5's registered, 108¼; do. coupons, 108¾; 4's registered, 104¾; do. coupons, 106; 2's registered, 91½; Pacific 6's of '97, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened 57¾c, closed 57¼c; September, opened 57½c, closed 57¼c; December, opened 61½c, closed 61½c. Corn—August, nominal, closed 22¼c; September, opened 22¾c, closed 22½c; May, opened 26½c, closed 25¾c. Oats—August, nominal, closed 16½c, September, opened 17¼c, closed 16¾c; May, opened 19¾c, closed 19½c. Pork—September, opened $5.93½; closed $5.85. October, opened $5.97½, closed $5.90. Lard—August nominal, closed $3.37½; September, opened $3.37½, closed $3.37½.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 16½c per lb.; extra dairy, 14c; fresh packing stock, 7@7½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 11c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb.; chickens, hens, 7½c; spring chickens, 9½c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@6.00. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 19@21c per bu. Honey—White clover, 13@16c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Apples—Red stock, 75c@$1.25 per bbl.; green stock, 60c@$1.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 45,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.60 pigs, $3.20@3.60 light, $2.60@3.75 rough packing, $2.90@3.45 mixed and $2.80@3.25 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 19,000; quotations ranged at $4.40@4.75 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.10@4.45 good to choice do., $3.95@4.25 fair to good, $3.45@3.85 common to medium do., $3.40@3.90 butchers' steers, $2.50@3.20 stockers, $3.10@3.70 feeders, $1.85@3.40 cows, $2.40@4.00 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $3.50@3.85 Texas steers, $2.80@4.00 western rangers and $3.00@5.80 veal calves.

Sheep and lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; sales ranged at $3.25@3.15 western, $2.00@3.85 Texans, $1.75@3.35 natives, and $3.00@5.90 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 25.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 65½@65c; track, 65c; No. 3 hard, 53c; August, the asked; September, 61½c asked; December, 64½c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash, 20½c; August, 20½c nominal; September, 20½c askedbid; December, 22c asked. Oats—No. 2 cash, 19c; August, ; September, 19c nominal; May, 20c bid. Rye—28½c elevator.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Aug. 42.

Wheat—Cash white, 60½c asked; cash red, 60½c asked; August, 60½c asked; September, 60½c asked.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

TEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—Below is given the slate which the gold Democrats are discussing in connection with their state convention: For governor, General John C. Black; lieutenant governor, Chester Babcock or William S. Forman; attorney general, ex-Judge Hoblitt or William S. Forman; state treasurer, Edward Ridgley; secretary of state, L. J. Kadeski.

As to the nomination of General Black, there is no question, as the distinguished Cook county lawyer has been communicated with in his retreat in Canada and has intimated his willingness to make the race it nominated. Forman can have the nomination for either lieutenant governor or attorney general, and it is considered probable he will be induced to accept the nomination for second place. Forman's attack upon Governor Altgeld has made him a sort of hero with all the followers of the anti-silver movement in all parts of the state.

Illinois Prohibitionists.

DECATUR, Aug. 21.—The National party ("broad gauge" Prohibitionists) at its convention here nominated the following state ticket: Governor, Isaac W. Higgs, Chicago; lieutenant governor, R. C. Allen, Murphysboro; secretary of state, Lloyd G. Spencer, Chicago; state auditor, J. A. Hoopes, Ipavia; state treasurer, John A. L. Scott, Orchardsville; attorney general, George A. Gordon, Campbell Hill. Trustees of state university—Mrs. Mary E. Metzgar, Moline; Mrs. M. J. Adams, Quincy; Mrs. J. D. Collins, Vandalia. A state central committee was named, as were presidential electors. The presidential candidate of the party, C. E. Bentley, arrived about 2:40 and made a speech that aroused the enthusiasm of delegates. Adjournment sine die was then taken.

Senator Cullom Opens the Fight.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 24.—The Republicans opened the campaign Saturday with a meeting at their wigwam. The weather was fair and hot until late in the afternoon, when a storm passed over the city, cooling the air greatly. State Senator David B. Littler presided, and after a short address introduced Senator Cullom, who addressed an audience of 1,200 people. At night there was a parade of Republican clubs, after which there was another meeting at the wigwam, 1,500 attending.

Illinois Tax Assessment Decreased.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 25.—The secretary of the state board of equalization has made a consolidation of the assessment returns from the counties of the state for 1896. The aggregate assessment made by local assessors was $731,201,463, against $743,840,153 for 1895. Twenty-nine counties increased their assessment and seventy-three show a decrease aggregating $14,178,097. Cook county's assessment this year is $307,530,623, against $312,479,855.

Will Test a Mining Law.

PEORIA, Ills., Aug. 21.—The constitutionality of the mine inspection law, which is denied by the operators, is to be tested by a friendly suit to be begun at once. The mine inspectors of the state have been in session here and have agreed upon this course. The operators have refused to pay the inspection fees, claiming they are excessive and the mines are inspected oftener than is necessary.

An Ex-Representative Very Ill.

PLANO, Ills., Aug. 24.—Ex-Representative Lewis Steward is a very sick man. His health has been gradually failing ever since he left Washington at the close of his term of office, and since February last he has been confined to his room and bed, suffering from rheumatism. He is 72 years old and his condition now is considered serious.

Rifle Wasn't Built for That Work.

PLANO, Ills., Aug. 24.—Clarence Larson, the 12-year-old son of O. B. Larson, a prominent merchant of Millbrook, while out in the woods with a couple of older companions, used his rifle as a club with which to knock down wild plums.

State Notes.

The parties who robbed the jewelry store of A. R. Kisser at Clay City, Ills., were arrested at Flora, where they had broken into a dwelling, and are now in jail.

Bishop Spalding (Roman Catholic), of Peoria, Ills., is the guardian of the Baroness Zedtwitz, whose husband was killed in the yacht collision on the English coast. He is en route to Europe to settle the baron's estate. Baroness Zedtwitz was Miss Caldwell, a New York heiress.

Mrs. Lucy P. Hubbard, 69 years old, was drowned in a shallow ditch near her home at Chicago Heights, a Chicago suburb. She is supposed to have fallen from a plank she was in the habit of crossing.

A fat man shifted his position on the swanboat Agile in the lower lagoon at Lincoln park, Chicago. Twenty-five persons, among them several infants, were thrown in the water, but no one was drowned.

The Cretan Massacre.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—The Daily News says that Dr. Nicholaides, the official representative of the Cretan reform committee, who is now in Berlin, has issued a report on the Cretan massacre. He asserts that the statements contained in this report can be confirmed by the consuls at Canea, and that the diplomatic representatives there will verify the assertion that 6,000 Christians have been murdered in Crete by Turks, often with revolting brutality.

Republicans at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 25.—The city is filling up with delegates and visitors for the ninth annual convention of the National Republican League of the United States. The headquarters of the league at the Hotel Pfister, as well as those of the American Republican College League and the Women's Republican Association of the United States were besieged Monday morning with delegates desiring to register and receive their badges.

Spring Wheat Crops of Three States.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 25.—The annual spring wheat crop report, prepared by H. V. Jones, commercial editor of the Minneapolis Journal, has been issued. It covers the states of Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota, and these three states are estimated to have raised this year 108,000,000 bushels, against 195,000,000 bushels last year, and 120,000,000 in 1894.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Aug. 19.

Captain M. F. Jamar, in charge of the Fourteenth infantry at Vancouver barracks, was dismissed in disgrace for indebtedness and falsehood.

Baron von Zedtwitz, a prominent figure in German politics, was killed on his yacht, the Isolde, at the regatta off Southsea, Great Britain. The Isolde was run down by Emperor William's yacht, Meteor, and totally wrecked.

The $100,000 palatial home of Millionaire Frederick Faulkner, of Belvidere, Mass., was totally destroyed by fire. It is thought to have been of incendiary origin.

By the granting of an injunction to Erwin T. Earle, at San Francisco, all of P. D. Armour's cars will be tied up owing to an infringement on a patent ventilator.

John McCafferty, of Cincinnati, O., swallowed a number of peachstones on a wager and is now dying.

Alva Lewis, of Louisiana, Mo., was killed by a stroke of lightning at Denver, Col.

Governor Matthews, of Indiana, spoke in a rain storm at Brokville Saturday, and as a result is now confined to his room with a congestive chill.

William Mazick Miles, a well-known club and society man of Seattle, committed suicide at his rooms in the Rainier club.

Thursday, Aug. 20.

A. B. Bell, a railroad brakeman, found a bag of counterfeit coins at Eldora Junction, Ia.

The liabilities of Ferdinand Schumacher, the Akron (O.) oatmeal king, are $977,550 and the assets $1,693,006, according to the schedule filed by the assignees.

The coroner's jury on the Eyster murder at Lincoln, Neb., held Clift Hagey responsible for the death and Maude and Laura Clark accessories after the fact.

The report that Mgr. Martinelli is to be the apostolic delegate to the United States has been confirmed by recent letters to Cardinal Satolli.

Sheriff Landy Folsom has been arrested at Perry, O. T., by a deputy United States marshal on a charge of having murdered a wealthy cattleman named Long some nine years ago.

J. M. Hawthorne, envoy of the Silver party of the United States, is at the City of Mexico collecting data for use in the campaign.

Democrats at Erie, Pa., are planning a big demonstration when Nominee Bryan speaks there next Wednesday.

Friday, Aug. 21.

The Cartright hotel at Creston, Ia., was burned by incendiaries. Some of the guests escaped in their night clothes.

Peter McNally, a reporter of the Boston Globe and an expert swimmer, swam from Newport to Narragansett Pier, a distance of twelve nautical miles, in 4 hours and 57 minutes.

E. J. Phelps, minister to Great Britain during President Cleveland's first administration, has bolted the Bryan silver ticket.

It is estimated that the Cuban war is costing Spain $300,000 daily.

The postmaster general has issued a fraud order against the Creditors' Beneficial association, of Rockford, Ills.

A gang of tramps held up and robbed eighteen prominent men at Willmar, Minn. They also shot a lad, J. Tilden, so that he may die, as large posse is in pursuit, and some fighting is expected.

The largest cave in the world has been found under the town of Hudson, Mo. It is lined with pure onyx.

John Daly, the Irish dynamitard, has been released from Portland prison.

Saturday, Aug. 22.

Fire at Huntsville, Ont., destroyed a frame house occupied by Mrs. Quaife, her daughter, Mrs. Phillips, and four children. Mrs. H. Phillips, Mrs. Quaife, and the latter's two children were burned to death and little Jessie Phillips will likely die.

Albert George Whitehead, one of the Irish dynamiters who has been serving a life sentence of penal servitude since his conviction in London in 1883, was released from Portland convict prison Saturday.

A cold wave at Sterling, Kas., Friday night followed two days of extreme heat, with temperature at 102 Thursday and 106 Friday.

Li Hung Chang has embarked on board the American line steamship St. Louis for New York.

Slayden, Clarkson & Robards, the oldest and largest commission merchants in west Texas, have assigned at San Antonio. Assets, $500,000; liabilities, $950,000.

Monday, Aug. 24.

Captain John Fitzgerald, president of the Milwaukee Ship Yard company, and well known all over the lakes, died at Milwaukee after a brief illness.

The United States cruiser Brooklyn has left her builder's dock for New York. She will be given her trial trip this week.

The T. T. Haydock Carriage company, has assigned at Cincinnati. The assets are $200,000; the liabilities $150,000.

The coach department of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton shops at Lima, O., has burned; also the freight car department with many freight and other cars. Loss, $80,000.

Nearly a quarter of a million dollars damage was done by fire in the exposition building at the Buffalo Driving park. The building was destroyed. No horses were lost. Fourteen firemen were overcome by the heat, but will all recover.

Tuesday, Aug. 25.

Chicago hodcarriers have called off their strike against the Manufacturers' and Contractors' Firepoof association, but are still holding out for an advance from other companies and organizations desirous of employing their services.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficent influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate, 25c.

HISTORIC TRAGEDY.

CONVICTION OF JOSEPH LESURQUES AND THE SAD SEQUEL.

An Unfortunate Resemblance and a Fatal Combination of Circumstances Caused the Execution of a Man Whose Innocence Was Afterward Established.

Although Lesurques was executed as far back as 1796, though his innocence was established in 1801, though his property was restored to the family in 1824, the corps legislatif, after the family had tried for over half a century to have his memory judicially rehabilitated, definitely refused in 1869 to perform this last remaining act of justice. The pedantry of French law forbade the questioning of a jury's verdict by any one save the person directly interested. But though the law has failed to remove the stigma on the name of an innocent man, literature and the drama have made him a popular hero. "The Lyons Mail," in which his honor is thoroughly vindicated, has been one of the most popular of all French melodramas, and the combined genius of Charles Reade and of Henry Irving have made it one of the great successes of the modern English stage.

Poor Lesurques, who, when he perished on the scaffold, was but 38 years of age, was a good husband, a good father and a good citizen. He married, in 1790, Mlle. Campion, a lady of respectable family in Douai and possessed of a handsome dowry. Their children therefore were very young and it was in order to give them the benefit of a superior education that he relinquished a public appointment at Douai and came to Paris, there to live on his own private fortune, which amounted to about 7,500 francs a year. He had but just arrived in the capital and was superintending the furnishing of his new home when the thunderbolt fell.

On April 27, 1796, the mail coach between Lyons and Paris was attacked and plundered and the postilion and courier were murdered. There were no witnesses to the crime, but it was reported that a party of horsemen had been seen in the vicinity at about the time it was committed. These horsemen had taken dinner at an inn at Montgeron. One of Lesurques' friends named Guenot was arrested on suspicion and his private papers were seized. There was no evidence to hold him on except that he answered the description of one of the supposed murderers, and he was dismissed. Next day he was told to call for his papers at the central bureau. He was accompanied thither by Lesurques, an act of madness on the part of the latter had he been guilty.

It happened that just at that time the judge was taking the depositions of witnesses who lived in the neighborhood of the scene of the murder. Among these were two maidservants of Montgeron, who uttered simultaneous screams at the appearance of the two friends. They were put into the witness box and swore positively that two of the horsemen were present in the audience. When confronted with Lesurques and Guenot, they positively identified them. Both were arrested and thrown into prison. At the trial four other witnesses corroborated their testimony with equal emphasis as regarded Lesurques, but were doubtful about Guenot. The latter succeeded in establishing a satisfactory alibi and was released. The former's attempted alibi seemed to break down badly when the daybook of the jeweler, Lagrand—to whom he swore he had sold a bill of goods on the very day of the murder—was produced in court and the date of the charge was found to have been altered. In vain the jeweler protested that the first date was a mistake, which he had immediately corrected, and he and all the other witnesses for Lesurques were looked upon as self convicted perjurers. Lesurques was found guilty and executed, together with one of the real murderers, named Courriol, who, on mounting the scaffold, confessed his own guilt, but declared the innocence of Lesurques. Doubts began to arise as to the justice of Lesurques' sentence and finally it was discovered that he had suffered through an extraordinary resemblance to one Dubose, the real criminal, who was brought to justice in 1801, convicted and executed.

This deplorable case had most deplorable sequels. The unhappy Mme. Lesurques went mad on hearing the news of her husband's condemnation. The children were as yet too young to understand their trouble, but as they grew up one thought alone possessed them—that of vindicating their dead father. It is easy to understand how brooding over this purpose drove one daughter to the madhouse in which her mother had been confined.

It is curious that one of the witnesses against Lesurques—the woman Alfroy—also went insane from grief and remorse at her error. Still another victim was another daughter of Lesurques, who, worn out by the fruitless struggle with the pedantry of the French laws, drowned herself in the Seine. His son left France, took service in the Russian army and courted and found death there. As regards Lesurques' fortune, which had been confiscated, his unhappy family were more successful. In 1824, just 28 years after their father's death, they obtained a grant of 244,000 francs, supplemented in 1835 by another grant of 252,000 francs.—London Public Opinion.

Seasickness.

Remedies for seasickness are so numerous that one need never be at a loss for something to try. They range from an empty stomach and a stringent diet to a few bits of ice, chloroform or laudanum, or sugar, or brandy, or champagne, or porter. One of the most novel is based on the theory that seasickness is due to nervousness. To allay it, people on going aboard are recommended to bandage their eyes with a handkerchief, thus to avoid seeing the motion of the ship.—New York Journal.

ANTHRACITE COAL SUPPLY.

According to Recent Estimates, It Will Run Out In a Hundred Years.

The Bond Record has been making a careful investigation of the anthracite coal industry. No expense has been spared to obtain correct information, so that those interested in the coal carrying railroads and other companies owning or leasing coal lands may be able to judge of the present prospective values of their properties. Eleven corporations control 96 per cent of the available coal supply.

According to the summarized estimate of The Bond Record, in 109 years, on the basis of shipments made in 1895, the supply of anthracite coal will be exhausted. The largest proportion of the annual increase of tonnage has been furnished by the Wyoming region. In 1894 Lehigh and Schuylkill furnished 45 per cent and Wyoming 50 per cent of the year's output, but the Wyoming region is nearing the point of maximum output and increase of tonnage is likely soon to diminish. The present annual capacity of the anthracite region is about 67,000,000 tons, or about 21,000,000 tons in excess of annual consumption. It is therefore clear that production should be reduced, as the oversupply prostrates the market and at the same time encourages waste in the world. Unless the gross mismanagement and criminal wastefulness that have characterized the anthracite industry for the past few years are stopped they will result in the ruin of the great properties engaged in the mining and transportation of coal.

Could the various interests involved co-operate and limit the production of the mines to meet the requirements of the market, at fair prices, before many years, with the increasing consumption, the demand would equal production, there would be an end to the present demoralized markets and those who have invested their savings in the stocks and bonds of these anthracite properties would eventually get back their investment with interest.

But the great fact which this publication of The Bond Record discloses is the brief period of time which we can depend upon the anthracite coalfields of Pennsylvania to supply us with heat and power. Its place will have to be supplied by some other element, and there is none in sight so admirably adapted for the purpose. The supply of bituminous coal is practically exhaustless, but this greasy, sooty, dirty fuel is a resource from which our generation ought to be profoundly thankful it is spared.

SHE WAS SHY ONE TURK.

Protest of an Audience Against Bernhardt's Loss of a Servant.

Sarah Bernhardt was once playing at Marseilles in a spectacular play in which she made her entree accompanied by six Turkish slaves. A line on the programme announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt, but when the time came for them to go on one of the youngsters had disappeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrases. Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general bubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, muttering things below her breath, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the hullabaloo. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed sternly: "You seem to be the only sensible person in this house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?" The man rose, bowed to the actress and remarked in very bad American-French, "Madam, you are shy one Turk."—New York Evening Sun.

Capture of a Slave Caravan.

Baron von Eltz, the German commissioner, made a plucky attack on a slave caravan on Nov. 21. For several days he had heard of a big caravan on its way to the coast from Mloai's stronghold. He had native allies as spies all over the country bringing him in news of the movements and whereabouts of the caravan. At last they were camped in between two large native villages, allies of the Germans. Von Eltz immediately dispatched messengers to the chiefs of the two villages, telling them to stay the caravan from passing through their territory—either to advance or retreat. The caravan was over 700 strong. There were 7 owners of ivory and 53 owners of slaves, and a host of slaves and some followers. When Von Eltz had the caravan blocked, he embarked in his boat, proceeded posthaste to the spot, at once surrounded the whole caravan with native allies and compelled all to march down to his station at Parambira. He had only five Zanzibari soldiers, a noncommissioned officer, a few native recruits bearing rifles and a host of native allies, but without firing a shot he captured the caravan.—Diary of the Late E. J. Glave in Century

Annoying.

"Isn't it awfully annoying to be nearsighted?" asked the man who delights in personal questions.

"If you had waited as I have," answered the afflicted one, "nearly ten minutes for a blamed little lightning bug to get by, under the impression that it was a bicycle beginner coming down the street, you would know that it was annoying."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Of what use is genius if the organ is too convex or concave and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life?—Emerson.

Many chronological authorities date from the foundation of the world, but the widest possible diversity exists as to when this event occurred.

THE SOUL AND SORROW.

Ah, slay me not, O sorrow, in April days,
For when the skies are warm I fain would sing;
When mounts the bluebirds' song I, too, would praise
And lift my heart with every living thing!

The weight thou bring'st—yea, turn thy face away
And journey from me yet a little while,
But leave me bright faced joy in April's day
To wander with me through the forest aisle.

One day, O sorrow, will I go with thee
And learn the strength that thou alone must give!
Yea, one day thou shalt come and call for me
And I will walk thy way and learn to live!

But not in April days—when I would sing,
When south winds roam the ever greening earth
And joy tumultuous in my heart doth spring
O'er every wildwood bloom that springs to birth!

—Boston Transcript.

ETIQUETTE IN SPAIN.

There the People Are Punctiliously Polite at All Times.

Spaniards have some rules of etiquette that would prove surprising to the average easy going American. Take, for instance, the rules governing visits. When the first call is made by a lady, she is expected to arrive in a carriage, that being considered a mark of high respect. Should the person called upon be absent from home, the visitor is expected to leave her card with one end turned over, and in one corner is to be written the initials E. P., meaning en persona, or in person. Upon ringing the bell the visitor is usually greeted by an unseen person with the words, "Quien es?" or "Who's there?" to which should be replied "Gente de paz," or persons of peace. Entering, the visitor is conducted to the best room in the house, led up to a sofa and placed to the right of the hostess. On rising to take leave the proper form is to exclaim, in the case of a lady, "Senora, I place myself at your feet." She will answer in a similarly figurative way by saying: "I kiss your hand. May you depart with God and continue well!" Feminine visitors are saluted with a kiss, both upon their arrival and departure. It is considered an unpardonable breach of good manners for a gentleman to offer to shake hands with a Spanish lady. Another decidedly objectionable proceeding, in Spanish eyes, is to offer a lady one's arm when walking with her. Should a Spanish gentleman so far forget himself as to offer his arm to his wife, he would be looked upon as lamentably ignorant of the laws of etiquette governing good society in the land of his birth.

Another noticeable custom is that when walking with a Spaniard in Spain it is considered the height of ill manners to walk on the inside. This is the place of honor and should always be given to the native. When a well bred Spaniard meets a lady on the street, he always passes to the outside, thus making way for her, but with men this rule is not observed. Whoever has the wall on his right hand in the narrow streets is entitled to keep it.

These are some of the most noted peculiarities of the rigorous rules governing Spaniards of polite breeding. They are punctilious almost to the point of absurdity in most things, but their politeness is of a kind that wears well.—Detroit Free Press.

A Story of Two Big Diamonds.

Marie Magnier of the Gymnase has the two largest diamonds now in Paris. One day she received from her jeweler a telegram asking her to come at once to his shop. There she found a tall woman, thickly veiled, who held in her hands a case with two superb diamonds in it. "Mademoiselle," she said, "M. F. tells me that your fancy is to possess a pair of exceptionally beautiful earrings. Those are all that you can desire. Could you pay down for them before 5 tonight the 100,000 francs which I ask for them?" Mme. Magnier was startled. "Hum, my good woman," she said, in a brusque manner, "you are very cool over the matter; you ask for 100,000 francs just as you would ask for a bushel of onions." The jeweler put his fingers on his lips and nodded deprecatingly. "Oh, very well," said Magnier, "if she is a queen." "She is a queen," answered the lady proudly, shutting the case with a snap. But Magnier had been touched by the blaze of light which had just disappeared from before her eyes, so she said meekly: "All right. I will drive to my banker, and in an hour I shall be back with the money, madame." And within the hour she possessed the most marvelous jewels which ever adorned a first night in Paris. But she never discovered the identity of the veiled woman.—Paris Letter.

Disappointing Information.

"Dear me, is this the ticket office?" exclaimed a peevish little woman with a face like a hatchet and a voice with nicks in it as she hurried up to the Central-Hudson ticket window the other morning.

"No, madam," responded the calm and imperturbable agent, "this is a blacksmith shop, and we shoe horses here. Anything in our line we can do for you this morning?"

"Yes," she snapped, "you can give me a ticket for Schagticoke; that's what you can do, Mr. Blacksmith," and she darted a look at the courteous and urbane agent which cracked the glass in her spectacles.—Utica Observer.

She Knew the Feeling.

Harry—She has jilted me, and I know I shall die. The disappointment will kill me.

Aunt Hannah—I know how disappointments affect one, Harry. But you will get over it. I felt just as you do now when I set that yeller hen on 13 eggs and only just got one poor chick out of the lot.—London Tit-Bits.

Printers and women are somewhat alike in one respect, as both spend a good deal of their time in making up their forms.

Portugal has 1,080,000 women more than 17 years old.

THE CZAR'S WIG.

How an Officer Tweaked It and Won a Bet and Position.

Paul, the eccentric czar of Russia assassinated in 1801, was very particular as to his dress, and considered trifling matters as of supreme importance. This peculiarity was once taken advantage of by an officer of the guards, Major Vaksel, to win a bet. The major, the wildest joker in the army, wagered several hundred rubles that he would tweak the tail of the emperor's wig on parade.

The very next day the emperor happened to be present at an early parade, and, as destiny ruled it, took a position for a moment immediately in front of the daring major. Breathless with excitement and terror, Vaksel's companions beheld that rash officer's right hand steal slowly from his side, rise to the level of the czar's neck and give the wig's hanging tail a most decided tweak.

In an instant the emperor's face, pale with fury, was turned upon Vaksel's countenance, which, however, only reflected an expression of childlike innocence, mingled with the most deferential astonishment.

"Who dared to do that?" asked the enraged czar, his eyes giving flashing evidence that his most dangerous mood was upon him.

"I did, your majesty," said Vaksel, who, however his heart may have fluttered, managed to preserve outwardly an unruffled calm, together with an expression of innocent surprise. "It was crooked, your majesty," he added, in a confidential undertone. "I straightened it for fear the younger officers should see."

Paul's countenance cleared at once. He stared fixedly, however, at Vaksel's innocent looking face for some seconds. Vaksel admitted afterward that this was the trying moment, and he had said to himself, "If I waver, I'm lost!" Then the czar spoke, and spoke so that all might hear.

"I thank you, colonel," he said.

If ever a step in rank was gained by the purest effrontery it was so acquired on this occasion, and Vaksel left the field, not only promoted to a coveted position in the guards, but richer by many hundred rubles as the result of his wager.—Temple Bar.

TO MAINTAIN A PRINCIPLE.

A Quaker Firm That Sacrifices Hundreds of Thousands a Year.

There is probably not another business firm in the United States, or, for that matter, in any other country in the world, that annually sacrifices hundreds of thousands of dollars of trade simply to maintain a principle, as Whitall, Tatum & Co., the Quaker glass manufacturers of Philadelphia, do and have done for nearly 75 years.

The firm was established in the early part of the century, and its founders were strict and consistent members of the Society of Friends. They did not believe in war, nor in litigation, nor in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, and they established a rule which has never been violated.

Whitall, Tatum & Co. have never made a whisky flask, nor any sort or description of bottle intended to contain either malt, vinous or spirituous liquors. This includes the small vials called "samples," which are similar to those made to display samples of illuminating and lubricating oils. Should an intending purchaser ask for oil "samples" and say they were to be used for whisky, he could not buy them at any price.

The army and navy departments of the United States have sought several times to buy glassware from the firm, but the patronage has invariably been refused on the ground that the furnishing of any sort of supply for the aid or comfort of persons engaged in war or maintaining peace by force of arms was contrary to the tenets of the Society of Friends, and therefore could not be considered. The senior member of the firm, recently deceased, was a typical Quaker—a man of brawn and brain, and at 65 was in as fine a physical condition as most men who have led a temperate life are at 40. Grief over the untimely death of his son, a young man of great promise, was the primary cause of Mr. Whitall's death.—New York Mail and Express.

Very Confusing.

An "underground" train from Whitechapel was trundling along through the City one dark and foggy day. An old Irish lady was a passenger, who was evidently moving her "home," tied up in a ragged old apron, from an eastern to a western "doss house." "How far will Oi have to go wid this?" she asked of a fellow passenger, thrusting her ticket in his face. The affable man put on his spectacles. "Latimer road, ma'am! Seven stations farther on." The old lady grunted incredulously. Some minutes passed, during which the old lady mused or dozed and took no thought of stoppages. Then she roused herself and addressed the same question to another passenger. "Four stations on," muttered this one briefly. The Irish dame smiled bitterly, but kept her own counsel for awhile. Then she suddenly turned upon a traveler of her own sex. "Now will yez tell me, ma'am, how far am Oi from this station?" "It's the next station of all," said the other smilingly. The Irish woman cast around a glance of indignant scorn. "An which of yez am Oi to believe? Sure ye all tell a different tale!"—Household Words.

Alexis Piron.

Alexis Piron, a native of Dijon, is perhaps most notorious for his epitaph, "Here lies Piron, who was nothing—not even an academician." One night he was asked at a party if he could tell the difference between a woman and a mirror. "A woman," he replied, "talks without reflecting; a mirror reflects without talking." Upon this a lady asked, "Can you now, M. Piron, tell me the difference between a man and a mirror?" And, as Piron remained silent, she went on. "A mirror is always polished, while a man sometimes is not."

ELEPHANT STORIES.

THEY GO TO SHOW THAT THE GREAT BEASTS CAN REASON.

How One of the Huge Fellows Amused Himself at the Expense of a Hippopotamus—Protecting Themselves From Annoyance.

In my opinion the elephant is the most intelligent of all animals. He thinks for himself, and no matter in what position he may be placed, or what emergencies he may be called upon to meet, he seems to be endowed with enough common sense to be equal to all occasions. He has also a strong sense of humor, which at times is so marked as to be almost human.

This sense of the humorous was unusually well developed in an elephant I knew in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. He was kept in a great inclosure out in the open air, so that he had plenty of room to roam about. In the same inclosure was a very large hippopotamus, for whose comfort and amusement a great stone basin had been built and filled with water, and the hippopotamus in turn furnished amusement for the elephant. It was quite early one morning—before the hour for admitting the public to the garden—when I noticed the elephant walking around on the stone edge of the basin, curiously watching the hippopotamus.

I felt quite sure that the elephant was up to some prank, and I was not mistaken; for, just as soon as the ears of the hippopotamus came into view, the elephant quickly seized one of them with his trunk and gave it a sudden pull. The enraged hippopotamus lifted his ponderous head clear of the water and snorted and blew, but every time he rose to take breath the elephant would recommence his antics. Around and around the beast would go, keeping a sharp lookout for the little ears of the hippopotamus, which he would seize the moment they appeared. His evident delight in teasing his huge neighbor was very comical, and there could be no doubt that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Again, one day the keeper placed some food for the hippopotamus in a corner of the inclosure, and at once the hippopotamus began to leave the water to get it, but the elephant slowly ambled over to the same corner, and arriving there first he placed his four feet over the favorite food in such a way that the hippopotamus could not get at it, gently swayed his trunk back and forth and acted altogether as though he were there quite accidentally, until the garden was thrown open to the public and he went forward to receive the daily contributions of bread, cake, pie, etc., which were always offered him by his hosts of admirers.

Elephants appear to take much enjoyment in life and exhibit a good natured spirit even while at work. In the animals' quarters at Bridgeport, some time ago, two little elephants showed evident pleasure in the tasks that were set for them. Even in their stable, when no trainer was about, one little elephant would stand on its head just it was used to doing in the circus and the other would look anxiously on until its own turn came to stand on its head and be admired by the other.

In his native clime, during the hot hours of the day, the elephant usually seeks the friendly shade of a grove of trees so as to shield himself from the burning rays of the sun. Some time ago in Central park the elephants in summer were kept in an open inclosure where there were no trees or shade of any kind, and during the hot days, when the mercury was well up in the nineties, the heat was almost unbearable. Intently watching the elephants there were always many persons carrying sunshades or umbrellas to protect themselves from the sun's rays.

I wonder how many of these onlookers realized that the elephants were carrying sunshades, too, for such was really the case. On the very hot days the great quadrupeds would take the hay that was given them, or, when they could get it the newly mown grass, and completely thatch their backs with it to shield themselves from the sun. They will sometimes do this same thing in fly time to protect themselves from being bitten, for, strange as it may seem, the elephant's skin is very sensitive.

In Africa there grows a tree called the heglik tree, which bears fruit known by the name of lolobes. Now the elephant is very fond of lolobes, but the fruit grows so high up as to be quite out of the animal's reach. Of course that does not deter the elephant from trying to get it. True, he cannot climb a tree, but he has a big bump of ingenuity and we may rest assured that he gets the fruit by some means or other.

Sir Samuel Baker, the great African traveler, was fortunate enough one day to see an elephant in the very act of getting the fruit. The elephant would retire a short distance from the tree and then rush at the trunk at full speed, striking his head against it with such force as to make the tree tremble in every limb and so shake down the fruit, repeating the charge again and again until enough lolobes had fallen to satisfy his appetite.—Our Animal Friends.

A Trifle Particular.

Bunko—Stranger in New York, I see.

Farmer—You've jist about struck it, b'gosh!

Bunko—That's what I thought. Now, let me give you a "steer."

Farmer—Much obleeged, but I'm tayther long on steers. Ef you kin make it a couple o' young milk cows, I'll take 'em, b'gosh.—Somerville Journal.

Eli Terry, the wooden clock genius, was the first American drummer or commercial traveler, being obliged to make regular trips from his home in Connecticut over into New York to dispose of his wares. This in 1796.

The bronze cent was issued in accordance with a law passed in 1857, and its coinage was begun in 1864.

CHINESE EDUCATION.

The Standard Has Changed but Little In Two Thousand Years.

They have no conception of learning as understood in the west—of mathematics, chemisty, geology or kindred sciences and of universal history. Indeed they have a very imperfect knowledge of geography. Their curriculum of study embraces the Chinese classics and philosophy (a voluminous compilation, especially holding in eminence the teachings of Confucius), the theory of government and Chinese poetry and history. It is the standard fixed 2,000 years ago and has undergone little change in the succeeding centuries.

One of our diplomatic representatives tells of a conversation had with one of the most distinguished scholars and highest officers in the empire, in which they canvassed their respective systems of education, and he reports that his Chinese friend had never heard of Homer, Virgil or Shakespeare; knew something of Alexander having crossed the Indus, had a vague knowledge of Cæsar and Napoleon, but none whatever of Hannibal, Peter the Great, Wellington or other modern soldiers, and he was ignorant of astronomy, mathematics or the modern sciences. When the American minister expressed surprise at these defects in Chinese education, the mandarin replied: "That is your civilization, and you learn it. We have ours, and we learn it. For centuries we have gone on satisfied to know what we know. Why should we care to know what you know?"

Yet it must be conceded that Chinese scholars and officials are usually men of decided intellectual ability, and they cannot be set down as uneducated because they have not followed the curriculum of study marked out by European civilization. It is a source of natural pride that they possess a literature and philosophy older than any similar learning of the west, and which even at this day are not obsolete, but exercise an elevating moral and intellectual influence on a vast multitude of the human family.

But no one of his race more than Li Hung Chang recognizes the defects of the national system of education. Largely through his influence, the emperor has established at Peking a college with a full faculty of foreign professors for the instruction of chosen Chinese youths in the European languages and modern sciences, with a view to training them for the diplomatic service. So he has also established at Tien-tsin, for the last 25 years his viceregal residence, schools for military, naval and medical education, manned by European instructors, and his example has been followed by other viceroys.—John W. Foster in Century.

A SCARED TIGER'S LEAP.

Caught In a Narrow Gully, It Vainly Tried For Escape In a Big Tree.

Scared animals leap distances and heights that must surprise themselves at times, just as men in a state of excitement do things that astonish them when they cool down and begin to think about what they have done. When a man makes a long jump up in the Adirondacks to get across a brook he is said to have "jumped like a deer," but should the man have made a leap, as over a high fence or across a broad brook, being at the time in a state of excitement, as having a bull close after him, he jumps then "like a scared deer," scared deer making jumps the unalarmed one could not make.

Tigers do not ordinarily take to trees, but they have been known to do so when badly scared at being close pressed. Captain S. D. Browne tells of an Indian tiger's leap that landed it in a tree top. The captain was waiting for the beaters to drive a tiger his way, when one of the big cats appeared at the top of a steep, stony ravine close at hand. The big bullet from the captain's rifle knocked the tiger head over heels down the gully banks. It fetched up against the bottom on its feet. Then it made a frantic dash across the ravine bottom to a tree. The sides of the gully were too steep for even a cat to climb, and up and down there were men ready for it. The hunted tiger had but a single chance, slim though it was. The tree at which it had dashed might conceal it from the hunters, and up it jumped, landing among the branches over 15 feet above the ground. A few moments later another bullet killed it.—New York Sun.

The Sweet and Sentimental Murderer.

There is a story that the most famous of all Japanese robbers, Isikawa Goemon, once by night entering a house to kill and steal was charmed by the smile of a baby which reached out hands to him, and he remained playing with the little creature until all chance of carrying out his purpose was lost. It is not hard to believe this story. Every year the police records tell of compassion shown to children by professional criminals. Some months ago a terrible murder case was reported in the local papers—the slaughter of a household by robbers. Seven persons had been literally hewn to pieces while asleep, but the police discovered a little boy quite unharmed, crying alone in a pool of blood, and they found evidence unmistakable that the men who slew must have taken great care not to hurt the child.—Lafcadio Hearn.

Not Inviting More Collisions.

"No, sir," said the man who had wavered. "I won't learn to ride a bicycle. I had thoughts of trying it, but I have just heard of a peculiar trait in the machine that caused me to change my mind."

"What's that?"

"I understand that when you first try to ride, if you see anything you especially wish to avoid, you're almost certain to run into it."

"There's a good deal of truth in it."

"Well, that settles the wheel for me. I have enough trouble with bill collectors as it is."—Washington Star.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"In Mizzoura."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Olivette."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Midnight Bell."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"A Run On the Bank."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AN ENGLISH EMISSARY IN ERMINE.

It is very interesting to note the angelic sweetness of the British temper when Britain is dealing with powers that can protect themselves. Less than a year ago England wanted everything in sight in both hemispheres, but particularly in the western hemisphere. Venezuela and Alaska tempted the British lion to put forth his powerful paw, but the slap administered by the United States government compelled the beast to withdraw the member and sheath his claws. Salisbury, representing the B. L. emitted a roar that degenerated into a grunt and said there would be no arbitration, Britons never, never would recede from their position. Balfour seconded his uncle's grunt in his own peculiar key, and all England became filled with the jingo fever. Salisbury looked around for an ally, but could find none. Even that poor relation and sick man of European politics, the Grand Turk, would have nothing to do with him. All Europe stood against England, because all Europe had irons in the fire in Asia and Africa. Then Salisbury realized his "splendid isolation" and began to crawfish. He suddenly discovered that the Venezuelan question might be arbitrated, and aggressive movements against our southwestern Alaskan frontier were discontinued until further notice. Meanwhile, the Transvaal incident, which covered England with confusion, occurred. This dampened her spirits so badly that she is now willing to arbitrate with any first-class power, but will not think of such a thing with the Matabeles, whose territory she so ruthlessly invaded.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find Lord Chief Justice Russell, of England, an Irishman who has sold himself to the enemies of his native country for office, out here in the interests of arbitration. He made the principal speech at the meeting of the American Bar association, held in Saratoga, N. Y.—a place by the way memorable as the scene of the surrender of a British army to Washington's armed "arbitrators" under Gen. Gates—on Thursday week. The American vice of snobbery was well developed at the gathering, and numerous fair women and presumably brave men, rubbed their skirts against the silk gown of the English Lord Chief Justice, who is also "eminent" as an accomplished sporting man. He devoted himself mainly to the subject of "International Law," and, in the course of his remarks, said:

"My first words must be in acknowledgment of the honor done me by inviting me to address you on this interesting occasion. You are a congress of lawyers of the United States met together to take counsel, in no narrow spirit, on questions affecting the interests of your profession. I, on the other hand, come from the judicial bench of a distant land. Though we represent political communities which differ widely in many respects, in the structure of their constitutions and otherwise, we yet have many things in common. We speak the same language; we administer laws based on the same juridical conceptions: we are co-heirs in the rich traditions of political freedom long established, and we enjoy in common a literature the noblest and the purest the world has known. Beyond this the unseen 'crimson thread' of kinship, stretching from the mother islands to your great continent, unites us and reminds us always that we belong to the same, though a mixed, racial family. This consideration is prominent among those which suggest the theme on which I desire to address you—namely, international law."

This was a very pretty exordium, indeed, and particularly felicitous when spoken almost within earshot of the point where Gen. Burgoyne surrendered his sword to Horatio Gates. There was, indeed, not a "crimson thread," but a crimson stream of kinship between the English and the Americans on Bemis' Heights in the month of October, 1777, and, in the same year, we believe, the English government let loose the Red Indians in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, to butcher and violate manhood and innocence, without regard to the "crimson thread" of kinship. Oh, how the genius of British Cant can tickle the ears of "Americans," who, after an interval of a century and a quarter, are still British provincialists! Russell was, indeed, born in Ireland, but he learned the song of the siren in London, where also he learned, like many another able Irish renegade, to prostitute himself at the threshold of imperial power. Still, as of old it was said of Monaghan and of Keogh and of Whiteside,

The gowned men in England's pay lay down the alien law.
You could not dream 'twas Irishmen from Irish ground you saw.

We have no admiration for Lord Chief Justice Russell, as an Irishman, even though his lawn and ermine may hide the British chain that clanks upon his limbs. From beneath the silken gown peeps the cloven foot. Further along, Lord Russell thus delivered himself:

"So long as war remains the sole court wherein to try international quarrels, the risks of failure are so tremendous and the mere rumor of war so paralyzes commercial and industrial life that pretensions wholly unfounded will rarely be advanced by any nation, and the strenuous efforts of statesmen, whether immediately concerned or not, will be directed to prevent war. But if there be a standing court of nations, to which any power may resort, with little cost and no risk, the temptation may be strong to put forward pretentious and unfounded claims, in support of which there may readily be found, in most countries (can we expect even Great Britain and the United States?) busybody jingoes only too ready to air their spurious and inflammatory patriotism. There is one influence which by the law of nations may be legitimately exercised by the powers in the interests of peace—I mean mediation.

"Mr. President, I began by speaking of the two great divisions—American and British—of that English-speaking world which you and I represent today, and with one more reference to them I end. Who can doubt the influence they possess for insuring the healthy progress and the peace of mankind? But if this influence is to be fully felt they must work together in cordial friendship, each people in its own sphere of action. If they have great power they have also great responsibility. No cause they espouse can fail; no cause they oppose can triumph. The future is, in large part, theirs. They have the making of history in the times that are to come. The greatest calamity that could befall would be strife which should divide them. Let us pray that this shall never be. Let us pray that they, always self-respecting, each in honor upholding its own flag, safeguarding its own heritage of right and respecting the rights of others, each in its own way fulfilling its high national destiny, shall yet work in harmony for the progress and the peace of the world."

Lord Russell is very acute. He makes allowance for the prejudices of patriotism, which cause a very natural distrust of wholesale arbitration. The latter will not prevail while men are men. It may when they are transformed into angels, if that should ever happen and did not even the angels in heaven appeal to arms, with a result most unfortunate for Lucifer? Some of those cast forth by the mighty hand of Jehovah have not yet done falling through space.

True Americans cannot believe in the sincerity of English friendship. They have had too many object lessons in the other direction. Real friends don't try to kill those for whom they profess friendship. Three times has England attempted America's existence—in 1775, in 1812 and during the war of the rebellion. It was little she cared for arbitration while she was getting all the cotton she needed from her piratical blockade runners. The talk about blood, language and literature is trite. France, which shed her best blood for us, has more right to a brotherhood of blood with us than England. Russia came to our shores, in her war ships, as a friend, when England, after the Trent affair, menaced our northern frontier. Germany took our bonds, when we most needed financial accommodation. The literature of France, of Russia and of Germany is translated into English. Is it therefore English? Moliere and Hugo are as dear to us as Ben Jonson and Lytton. Shakespeare, like Dante, was a world's genius, and is known in every tongue. Tolstoi speaks to us, in his books, from his native steppes, and the authors of Germany are familiar as household words. Besides, we have an American literature independent of Europe, racy of the soil, and increasing in volume. We do not, by any means, decry the literature of England, which began with Chaucer, although we consider that a good deal of it has been overrated, and much of it is out of date, not so much because of age as because of modern indifference to events that have become merely shadowy traditions. Even Shakespeare no longer rules the stage as he did for at least two and a half centuries before the birth of our generation. American literature will be the literature of the future, as it is beginning to be that of the present; and here we have the nucleus of a cosmopolitan genius that must, in the natural order of things, produce superlative results. We are not, therefore, chained to England by our blood, or our language, which is a mosaic tongue—made up of several—or by our literature, which is our own.

An alliance with England, as suggested by Lord Russell, would be uncalled for, unnatural, offensive to our friends and comforting to our foes, who are the English and the English only.

ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE A. O. H.

Our good friends, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of Cook county, were unfortunate in having fixed on a rainy day in July for their annual picnic, and they were, therefore, compelled to postpone it until Sunday, Aug. 30, when it will be held at Columbia Park on the Santa Fe railroad. The Park is a delightful spot, and those who attend can not fail to be satisfied with their surroundings. The proceeds of the picnic will be used for the erection of a monument in the A. O. H. lot at Mount Olivet cemetery. A very extensive and varied programme has been arranged, including boating and fishing, games, races, military drills, dancing, band concerts, vocal concerts and other first-class attractions. We hope the picnic will be a success in every sense, and the A. O. H. and their friends will, we are sure, leave nothing undone to make it so. With men like John T. Keating, Lawrence Henely, M. E. Lynch, P. B. Flanagan, J. J. Lamb, James A. Flanagan, Martin Mulcahy and others equally worthy at the head of the organization, there can be no lack of enthusiasm in the membership. For further particulars see advertisement on another page.

NEGLECT OF MR. BLAINE'S GRAVE.

A Washington letter to the Pioneer-Press of St. Paul, Minn., calls attention to the neglected condition of the grave of the late gifted, and apparently idolized, James G. Blaine. While he was living his name was a spell word to his followers, and even his political opponents admired his genius. Now, however, that he is dead the fickle public shouts for new idols and follows the triumphal cars of the living leaders of public opinion. Blaine is rarely mentioned, except occasionally, when some political orator, otherwise barren of original thought, quotes him to fill up the vacuum in his speech which the public generally abhors. "The living ass is greater than the dead lion," quoth the cynic. But this should not be. James G. Blaine was one of America's foremost men—a statesman of the rarest genius—who was ungratefully treated by a majority of his fellow-citizens in life, and, apparently, receives no greater consideration in the grave. But here is what the Pioneer-Press writer has to say on the matter:

"Probably no American who has died within the last decade was the object of the admiration and affection of the American people to the degree that they were bestowed upon the late James G. Blaine, and yet even here in the capital city almost no one seems to have any idea of the resting place of his ashes. The immortal genius of his statesmanship and those other qualities that made him the idol of his party will long be cherished in the minds and hearts of men, but his final resting place is practically unknown and unhonored, even by those who rendered him the most enthusiastic homage during his lifetime.

"Over in Georgetown, which, although a part of the city of Washington still retains its ancient name, there is a beautiful Oak Hill cemetery. The name conveys a literal idea of the place. On a hillside of sloping green, falling away to the waters of Rock creek, and shaded by the spreading branches of huge old oaks, are the tombs of many men, famous in the history of this country. The cemetery is the foundation of W. W. Corcoran, who established the Corcoran Art Gallery, and whose fortune was freely spent in practical philanthropy in Washington. Oak Hill cemetery is controlled by a corporation whose rules are somewhat rigid, and smoking is forbidden within its boundaries. It is kept in order by a force of a dozen or more gardners, who are constantly at work upon its walks, lawns, flower-beds and shrubbery. As might be imagined, it is a somewhat aristocratic place of final repose, and wealth and family name are pre-requities to a purchase of a lot.

"It is said that during Mr. Blaine's residence in Washington it was his frequent habit to take a stroll through beautiful Oak Hill, and that here he could throw off the burdens of affairs of state when they became too oppressive. On one of these occasions he observed a large hickory tree whose top had been snapped squarely off in a storm. The trunk was still sound, and up to the break the tree was beautiful and symmetrical. Mr. Blaine is said to have remarked to the companion of his walk that the tree was a fitting emblem of his life, a sturdy and luxurious growth up to a certain point and then a square break. Later he purchased the lot which includes the tree, and there he was buried. At the foot of the grave stands the customary small marble marker with the initials 'J. G. B.' At the head is the hickory tree, and nothing else. And thus it happens that no stately monument with glowing inscription marks the grave of this great and illustrious man. By his side are buried his eldest son, Walker Blaine, whose death was such a tremendous blow to the father, who in later years had come to lean so heavily on his first born, and his daughter, Mrs. Coppinger. Their graves are marked with inconspicuous white marble stones, containing nothing but the names and appropriate dates."

Surely, no American can read the foregoing without a blush of shame. Something should be done at once to remove this reproach from the American nation.

CHICAGOANS BLUNDER IN DUBLIN.

Irish-Americans who visit their native land from time to time had better be careful how they get mixed up with Irish political factions in Dublin. Maj. W. C. McClure, Capt. William Buckley and Lieut. Charles O'Connor—the two latter officers of the Chicago police force, retired—allowed themselves to be drawn into a meeting held in furtherance of the proposed "Convention of the Irish Race," to be held in Dublin next month. At a meeting of St. Patrick's Branch of the National League, held in the Irish capital on Aug. 9, Mr. William O'Brien presided, and Lieut. O'Connor took it upon himself to say these words:

"It was thirty-five years since he left Ireland, and in coming home he had to tell the people of Ireland that the one sentiment in America was a sentiment in favor of unity of action. They might all have different views on the question of leaders in Ireland, but in Chicago there was a general opinion that there were two men either of whom should be leader, and these two men were Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Michael Davitt. In Chicago they knew these two men, and Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Davitt had their confidence."

"The chairman (interrupting)—Would Lieut. O'Connor allow me to say that so far as the two men he mentioned are concerned, if he has any regard for their opinion he will never mention their names again in connection with the question of leadership, but whoever the convention may select as leader, this I will say that these two men will be among his most loyal supporters."

"Lieut. O'Connor said he merely expressed the sentiments of the men in Chicago, but he would say that if the convention elected a good leader, and if they had unity of action then, they in America would follow that leader and support him from June to January and from May to December. He trusted the convention would be a great success."

Capt. Buckley and Maj. McClure were less pronounced in the selection of a "leader," and so also was Mr. Dowling, of South Chicago, who happened to be present. THE CITIZEN is not aware that Lieut. O'Connor was selected by any body of Irishmen in Chicago to express their sentiments in regard to the Dublin convention. In fact we think the good lieutenant was led away by the enthusiasm of his Irish nature, and, being upon his legs, allowed, if the bull is applicable, his mouth to run away with him.

We find our friend Maj. McClure, who first fleshed his maiden sword in the skirted portion of a British soldier's body at Trout River, Canada, in 1870, called "Mayor" McClure. We wonder if our old friend has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. In any case, the major is all right, but he ought to look out for bird lime on the seats of Dublin meeting halls.

The sentiments expressed by Lieut. O'Connor threw the Irish Weekly Independent into hysterics, for we find the following editorial comments in the issue of Aug. 15:

"But our pride becomes bathos when even one Irish-American, who wears his heart upon his sleeve and talks of advanced movements, can be provided from Chicago to grace an Irish Whig convention, where will meet the men who have degraded Irish sentiment by the bastardy of an English alliance, whose fruit has been the dead sea fruit of ashes, whose touch has been contamination, whose alliance has borne disgrace, shame and disaster. Everyone of the few 'colonels' and 'captains' procured from America to add artificial prestige to the Whig variety show of September next, was driven from Ireland by the operation of English laws. If they are American born, their parents before them had to fly our country and eat the bitter bread of banishment, because of the land laws sanctified by continuous British governments. And today—oh, the shame of it!—even a few of these men in whose hearts should dwell the holy hatred of England, cross the Atlantic Ocean with franked passages, to propound the theories of 'unity' with an Irish party who grovelled at the feet of an English minister, burnt incense before the Nonconformist conscience, subverted their nationality, and prostituted their honor to gain the favor of a few Saxon paymasters.

"We have no patience with such idiocy. These traveling warriors, with high-sounding titles, are either knaves or fools—knaves if they play a part for any sinister motive; fools if they think they can seduce the Irish people from the position of resolute defiance which is our God-approved attitude towards England. Let them return to Chicago, and if they dare propound the doctrines of slavish obedience to England in the highways and byways, we can pity their end and speculate on their future."

We can assure our Dublin contemporary that it is mistaken when it throws doubt on the titles of the gentlemen from Chicago. We know that most of them, at all events, hold their parchments from authorized sources, and can "point to them with pride" when necessary. But that they represent anybody but themselves when talking for the people of Chicago, is, we must admit, open to serious question. Lieut. O'Connor was the only one of the visitors who assumed to do so. He may have been authorized to speak for Chicago, but we never heard of it.

The wise thing for Irish-Americans who visit Ireland to do, is to keep away from factious meetings, and mind their own business. Otherwise they are bound to be misunderstood, and to get kicks, instead of thanks, for their pains.

A RIDICULOUS RESTRICTION ON CITIZENSHIP.

The following despatch appeared in the daily newspapers of Thursday:

"WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—A young German was barred from citizenship today after a practical demonstration that he could not read the English language. Two Germans applied together to Judge Cole, of the district supreme court, whose recent ruling in the case of an Italian that a knowledge of the constitution is essential to citizenship rights created general interest. Both Germans said they could read English, and were given a newspaper as a test. One reached reading requirements and was admitted to citizenship, but the other made so poor a showing that naturalization papers were refused, the court holding that no one is entitled to citizenship who is unable to read English."

We do not like the principle involved in Judge Cole's decision. A man may be unable to read or speak English and yet be a true Republican and patriot, while many who can both read and speak English may be the reverse. Washington didn't reject the French and Polish troops who fought for America simply because they did not write or speak the language of America's enemy. We believe that neither Baron Von Steuben nor Baron De Kalb was conversant with English. Yet both helped Americans to thrash the English into the sea. It was in English that Maj. Pitchirn, representing George III, shouted to the patriots at Lexington common, "Disperse you d—d rebels!" And when they didn't do it rapidly enough, he uttered in English the order "Fire!" and eight of them fell dead.

The constitution! We venture to say that nine-tenths of the English speaking American people never read that document through in their lives! It is read mainly by lawyers, editors and stump speakers. The Declaration of Independence is much more familiar to the English speaking American people, and even that is misquoted, in English, nine times out of ten. We have heard presumably educated American orators on the stump say, "the Declaration of Independence sets forth that 'all men are born free and equal,'" when it does nothing of the kind. It simply says that all men are born equal. It could not have said "free and equal," because slavery then existed in the colonies, and it still exists in some foreign countries. We don't believe in making the English language a test of citizenship. It is a tyrannical restriction, and the general application of the principle cannot fail to lead to unpleasant results. The restriction is on a par with the Illinois flag law, in point of public idiocy, and we do not believe it will, or can, be sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is contrary to public policy and an oppression, because it discriminates against people whose sole crime may have been lack of opportunity to study the language of the majority.

A DISGRUNTLED ENGLISHMAN.

"Gracchus," the sarcastic correspondent of Reynolds' Newspaper, is out with an article on "Pious Orgies," in which he deals some lively blows all around. Among other things he says:

"In England, the bazaar or sale of work is utilized as the chief device for obtaining money. The function is usually opened by some rich local politician, who is afterwards taken round the stalls and expected to buy miscellaneous rubbish at an exorbitant price. He allows himself to be cheated with equanimity, knowing that a large number of votes for the next election are thrown in with the article he is buying. This is what Shakspeare would call an honorable kind of thievery. But the corrupt religionists who sell their political rights for the rich man's cash are themselves his victims afterwards. When he has patronized their miserable little auctions and pocketed their votes, he goes to parliament to support laws that injure the people at large and benefit himself."

We wonder do such things ever happen in America? It seems to us we have heard, or read, of transactions not entirely dissimilar, practised in this free land. "Gracchus" is severely practical and proceeds to say:

"It has often struck me as curious that the local tradesman make no organized protest against religious shopkeeping. As a rule, the purchasers are deliberately swindled, but it sometimes happens that the pious vendors manage to undersell their rivals in the shops outside. A lady once informed me that she had spent six months in the knitting of a shawl for a bazaar in connection with Spurgeon's tabernacle, and this half year's work was sold for less than the price of the material. It had cost nothing to the organizers of the sale, and they were not concerned to consider the market price of the goods. The noble object in aid of which the function was arranged would be the gainer, even if the earnest worker was disappointed and competing tradesmen irritated. What, after all, can be more galling to a draper, or bookseller, or toy maker, when trade is slack, than to know that church and chapel folk are saving up their money for some annual bazaar? But however strongly a man may feel on this subject, he generally keeps his mouth shut, in view of the enormous boycotting powers possessed by congregations of saints. There are 295 sects in England and 140 in America. This is a luxury that has to be paid for. Whether the methods employed are decent and respectable and consistent with pious professions, is a matter on which some people hold strong opinions."

As for the 295 English sects, they had better come in out of the cold and acknowledge the Pope's supremacy. Otherwise they will become as numerous, and as small, as sands of the sea shore. Every man in England will have a church of his own. The English writer is, in our opinion, too severe on the churches. When congregations are not spontaneously generous, the clergy must do something to raise funds and meet current obligations. Sometimes, indeed, the methods employed deserve severe criticism, but, on general principles, money spent for church purposes is well spent. All churches are good, even if some are better; and, without them, civilization would end in paganism. It is better for a politician to spend his money at a church bazaar than in a bar-room—especially as the latter has his patronage all the year round.

WAR IN AFRICA.

England, on Thursday, fulfilled her promise to bombard the palace of the alleged usurping Sultan, Said Khalid, at Zanzibar, Africa. The palace was burned to the ground by the guns of the British fleet, under Admiral Rawson, but Said Khalid and his general, Said Sales, escaped to the German consulate. This last straw indicates how the political wind blows in Africa.

HIBERNIAN PICNIC.

The postponed county picnic of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will be held on Sunday, in Columbia Park. The elaborate arrangements for the comfort and amusement of all patrons of the event are described in our advertising columns, and judging from reports the number availing themselves of the day's outing will be well up in the thousands. This is only in keeping with the excellent management and esprit de corps which prevails among the local members of the grand and worthy old Order. The laudable object to which are to be devoted the expected funds to be derived from the picnic, recommends itself to every generous minded citizen, namely, the erection of a suitable monument on the mortuary lot of the Order in the cemetery of Mount Olivet. For many years it was a cause of much regret among the members of the A. O. H. that young men without family connections, belonging to the Order, who happened to die in our great city with no friends, but among the brotherhood, were interred in unmarked graves, which also were soon lost sight of, and remained unhonored and unknown. The great charitable heart of the Society, deemed it its duty to protect the remains of its cherished dead, by providing a spot in God's acre where visiting friends could trace the resting-place of the departed, and utter a prayer over the grave where the ashes of a brother were still protected by the mantle of the Order. Next came the desire that over this group of men, who in life gave testimony of their faith, we should erect a symbol of our appreciation of their fidelity. A few feet away stands a spire of granite, an everlasting tribute of affection towards men who died adherents to the cause of Ireland as a nation. The resting-place of their comrades, who added benevolence to their love of patriotism, should be decorated in keeping with the kinship of ideas and principles of those comrades of Ireland's silent army, which yearly increases on the other side of the dark river. Honor to the noble hearts whose wounds of sympathy with their departed never close.

The success of Sunday's picnic will determine whether the Hibernian column will stand sentry over the remains of the departed members in Mount Olivet. So worthy a project, so kindly an object, should receive the support it deserves from the Irishmen and women of our great city. Great indeed is the love of race and people of which death cannot sever the links, but which follows beyond the grave, and aims to win by the mute appeal of its monuments the prayers of the stranger, who may visit the cemetery where rest its fraternal dead.

EN.

TRUE IRISH KINGS.

Mr. John Rooney's Big Book Puts Royal Backbone Into a Goodly Number of Irish-American Families, Whose Blood is Thicker Than Their Neighbors'.

Milesius, the Spanish Invader of Ireland, Progenitor of Most of Them Through His Sons Meher, Heremon and Ir.

For the interest and edification of the Irish in all parts of the world, Mr. John Rooney has recently published in America a book entitled the "Genealogical History of Irish Families." It is beautifully done, with handsome illustrations of prominent Irishmen, and with colored plates representing the crests of the various clans. The volume is dedicated "to Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen, at home and abroad, whose lofty genius, ardent patriotism, undaunted courage, and illustrious achievements adorn the pages of history." It is through the medium of Mr. Rooney's book that Patrick Jerome Gleason, Mayor of Long Island City, founds his claim to kingly blood. The history of the Gleasons is given as follows:

"The Gleason family is descended from Milesius, King of Spain, through the line of his son Heber. The founder of the family was Cormac Cas, son of Olliol Ollum, King of Munster, A. D. 177, and his consort Sabia, daughter of Con of the Hundred Battles, King of Ireland, A. D. 148. The ancient name was Gleasain, and signifies 'the tuner.' The possessions of the clan were located in the present county of Tipperary."

Although the present Mayor of New York cuts no figure in Irish genealogy, his predecessor can be found in Mr. Rooney's book. Of the name of Gilroy or Kilroy, he says: "The Gilroy family is descendant from Milesius, King of Spain, through the line of his son Heremon. The original name was Guilaruadth, signifying the 'red boy.' The possessions of the sept were located in the present counties of Monaghan and Fermanagh. The head of the family had his residence at Bally MacGilroy or Ballymackilroy, a townland in the parish of Agaiurcher, to the east of Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh. Such of them as have settled in the town of Enniskillen write the name McElroy, while others who removed to Leinster and Connaught write it Gilroy or Kilroy, with the prefix Mac. The correct form is MacGilroy. A branch of this name were chiefs also in the barony of Clonderlaw, in the county of Clare. There were many learned and otherwise distinguished men of this sept. The name is still numerous in Ireland and in the United States. The Hon. Thomas F. Gilroy, ex-Mayor of New York city, and a man of distinguished ability, is a descendant of this family."

A number of Milesian names, well known in American politics, are found in this volume. For instance, there is the name O'Gorman, known in that form in local politics, and in national politics in the form Gorman. From the history we learn: "The ancient name was Goirmear, which signifies 'famous champion,' and was taken from Gormain, a chieftain of the sept. The O'Gormans originally held possessions in Queen's county, where they were chiefs of Crioch O'Bairce. Some of the sept subsequently settled in the county of Clare, where they had large possessions. The present able and eloquent United States Senator from Maryland, Arthur P. Gorman, is a descendant from this family."

From Maryland to Pennsylvania is but a short step, and we find that the Quay family were as near neighbors in the old country. "The founder of the family was Colla Meann, grandson of Carbre Lifferchair, King of Ireland, A. D. 264. The ancient name was Gaid and signifies 'father.' The possessions of the family were located in the present counties of Leitrim and Donegal." Although not so stated in Mr. Rooney's book, it is probably the fact that the Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania, carries in his veins the blood of Milesius.

In another part of the book is found the name McKinley, to which Mr. Mr. Rooney gives two pages. He writes: "The founder of the family was Eochs Dubhlein, who had three sons, known as the three Collas. Colla Uais, the eldest of the brothers, was the ancestor of the McDonnell's, McDugalds, and McAlisters of Scotland; Colla Meann of several of the Monaghan clans, and Colla da Crioch, the youngest of the Monaghan clan, of the McMahons, the Maguires, the O'Hanlons, the McCanns, the O'Neylans and the McKinleys." The author traces the course of the McKinleys in the United States, giving short sketches of several others besides William, who have made honorable records for themselves.

Of the Campbell, or McCampbell, clan, he has this to say, after tracing their Milesian descent: "The ancient name was Cathmhaoil, and signified 'hero in battle.' Possessions of the clan were located in the present county of Tyrone. The name is still numerous in the patrimonial locality in Ireland, and many members of the family have risen to prominence in the British colonies and the United States. Of the latter may be mentioned the Hon. Timothy J. Campbell, member of congress for many years from New York city. The name under its various forms is still numerous in the original territory and other counties. The McAllens or Allens of Innishowen, Donegal, were really Campbells."

The Hon. William F. Sheehan, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and his brother, John C. Sheehan, recently police commissioner of New York city, may be interested in discovering that they are descendants of an ancient Munster family, which has preserved its name uncorrupted from the beginning. It means "the lover." "The territory of the Sheehans," so Mr. Rooney says, "extended from the Isles of Arran off the coast of Galway, to the Felin Mountains in the county of Tipperary, and thence to Knockany in the county of Limerick, and from Loop Head at the mouth of the Shannon, to Ossory on the borders of Tipperary, Kilkenny and Queen's counties, thus comprising the county of Clare and the greater part of those of Limerick and Tipperary. The O'Briens were the ruling sept of this territory, and among the lesser clans or septs we frequently find the names of the chiefs of the O'Sheehans."

An Irish name which has troubled many persons in its pronunciation is Geogheghan, also written Geoghen or Geghan. Originally the name was Eochagain, signifying "doorkeeper." The Geogheghans were a powerful and warlike tribe, and from the beginning of the Anglo Norman invasion were at war with the intruders, the fight continuing down to the time of Elizabeth. The name is kept up by the poet Geoghegan, of New York, who, Mr. Rooney assures us, is a descendant of this ancient and distinguished family.

Of the well-known Irish name of Mallon the author says: "The founder of the family was Muiredach, King of Connaught in the seventh century. The ancient name was Maoladh, and signifies "prompt." The possessions of the clans were located in the present counties of Mayo and Sligo. Of course, the Mallons are descended from Milesius, King of Spain, their branch being that of the son of Heremon.

It may be a surprise to some members of the extensive family of Kenny to know that their name signifies "the weary." Like all the rest of Mr. Rooney's friends, the Kenny family is descended from Milesius, King of Spain, their line being through the son, Ir. The founder of the family was Conal Kearnoch, the celebrated warrior, son of Amerigin, fourth in degree from the chieftain Rory O'More, who gave his name to his tribe in Ulster, B. C. 87. The possessions of the sept were located in the county of Donegal. They were chiefs in Moy Ith, in Mayo, and in Muintir Clonaith.

A large and prominent clan, many of whose descendants are scattered abroad in America, was the Cleary, O'Cleary or Clarke family. Their ancient name, Cleirighs, signifies "the clerk," and was taken from Cleirdach, one of their celebrated chiefs in the tenth century. They held possessions in Antrim, Donegal and Galway, and were celebrated as the hereditary historians to the O'Donnells and the learned authors of the "Annals of the Four Masters," and other valuable works on Irish history and antiquities. This family was conspicuous in the war of the revolution.

An interesting instance of the simplification of a name is that of Deaghdhair, which signifies "just man," and has evoluted through the ages into Dever. It is through the son Heber that the Devers claim the blood of Milesius. The founder of the family was Eogan More, grandson of the prolific Con of the Hundred Battles. The possessions of this clan were located in the county of Donegal.

The name of Hoolahan, famous in song and story, has an honorable place in Irish history. The original name, Huallachain, means "loud noise," and was derived from a chief of the sept who possessed a voice of great power. The Hoolahans were descendants of Ir, son of Milesius. The founder of the family was Conal Kearnach. Their territory comprised the present barony of Longford in the county of Galway, and the parish Lusmegh on the Leinster side of the River Shannon in King's county.

The Sullivans, or O'Sullivan's, came in for a large share of Mr. Rooney's attention. He traces them down to the ages, showing up their mighty deeds in a blaze of glory. Originally the name was Suilleachain, signifying "quick-sighted." It was owing to a lack of this desirable quality that a latter day warrior of the race came to grief at the hands of one J. J. Corbett, who doesn't appear as in any way connected with Milesius, King of Spain. However, history is full of Sullivans and O'Sullivans who have never been conquered as the ancient blood is still unsullied.—New York Sun.

LAST RESTING PLACES OF THE APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

St. Peter, Prince of Apostles, suffered martyrdom about thirty-four years after our Lord's ascension. His remains were at first consigned to the catacombs, at the foot of the Janiculum, or Vatican Hill, crowned today by the palace of the Vatican. The body of the saint now rests, as everyone knows, in St. Peters. St. Paul also suffered martyrdom in Rome. Being a Roman citizen, he was put to death by the sword. His mortal remains rest in St. Peter's.

St. Andrew was crucified on Nov. 30, sixty-two years after the birth of our Lord, in the Greek city of Patras. In the year 357, during the reign of the Emperor Constantine, the martyr's relics were removed with great solemnity from Patras to Constantinople, and placed in the Church of the Apostles. In 1210, through the instrumentality of Cardinal Pietro of Capua, the saint's body was taken to Italy and placed in the cathedral at Amalfi, the Neapolitan province.

St. James the Greater was beheaded on March 25, A. D. 11, in Jerusalem, where he was buried. Some time afterward his body was taken to Spain and interred at a place then called Tria Flavia, now known as El Padron, on the borders of Galicia. At the beginning of the ninth century, in the reign of Alphonsus II., surnamed the Chaste, the saint's remains were discovered and removed to Compostella, where they now rest in the cathedral.

St. James the Lesser, surnamed the Just, was cast from the pinnacle of the temple at Jerusalem in the year 43, then stoned and beaten with a club. He was first interred where he expired, but in the year 572 his holy remains were removed to Constantinople.

St. John, the beloved disciple, passed to his Master in Ephesus, at the age of one hundred—or, as some say, ninety-six. A church was built in his honor on a hill near Ephesus, in which his holy body reposes.

St. Thomas died at Kalmia, in India, (also called Thomastown, Mollapoor and Malipur). He was buried in a subterranean chapel. In 1523, John III., King of Portugal, caused a search to be made for his remains, which were discovered; a piece of a lance and a phial of blood were also found in his grave. The precious relics were deposited in the church at Edessa in Mesopotamia. St. Thomas is called the Apostle of the Indies.

St. Philip, when eighty-one years of age, was bound to a cross, head downward, and stoned to death in Hieropolis, in Phrygia, in which city he was buried by the Christians. Later his body was taken to Rome, where a church was built in 260 in honor of the two Apostles, St. James and St. Philip. In 1204 the Florentines received, as a most precious relic, an arm of St. Philip.

St. Bartholomew, also called Nathaniel, was first flayed alive, and then beheaded. He suffered this cruel martyrdom in Albanopolis, in Armenia. In 508 the relics of St. Bartholomew were taken, by order of the Emperor Anastatius, to Duras, in Mesopotamia; thence they were removed at the close of the fifth century to Lipari, in Sicily. The invasion of the Saracens in 809 caused the saint's remains to be again removed; they found a temporary resting-place in Benevento until 983, when, in the reign of the German Emperor, Otto II, they were transported to Rome, where they now rest in a church dedicated to St. Bartholomew.

St. Matthew received the crown of martyrdom in Ethiopia. His remains are venerated at Salerno, in Italy, whither they were carried in 954.

St. Simon was crucified by the pagan priests in Persia. He was interred by the Christians in Kertch, where a slab still marks his resting-place.

St. Judas Thaddeus was put to death by heathen soldiery. The place of his interment is unknown. On account of Judas the arch-traitor, the apostle is usually called St. Thaddeus.

St. Matthias, chosen to fill the place of Judas Iscariot, was stoned and then beheaded in Judea in the year 64. The Empress Helena brought his remains to Europe, Rome being their first resting-place, but they now repose at Treves.

St. Mark was put to death at Alexandria. He was dragged over rough stones until he expired. His last resting place is in Venice.

St. Luke's martyrdom took place in Patras, when he was eighty-four years of age. He was hanged from an olive tree. His body was taken to Constantinople in 375.—Ave Maria.

FATHER O'MAHONY'S FUNERAL.

The late Father Bernard E. O'Mahony, editorial mention of whose death was made last week, was born near Bruff, county Limerick, in 1856, and came to America about six years ago. Most of his family still reside in his native town. After high mass at the Catholic church, Havana, Ill., on the morning of Aug. 17, the remains were taken to this city, and were accompanied by the following clergymen: Revs. E. J. Kulery, J. Sheridan, P. Griffy, J. Boers, — Schrieber, Vicar-General P. J. O'Reilly, P. Lyons, T. J. Finn, J. Shannon, J. L. Libert, M. Humphreys, and Hugh O'Gara McShane. After their arrival in Chicago, the remains were escorted to All Saints church, where they lay in state until Aug. 18, when, after solemn requiem mass, they were escorted by an immense cortege to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest. At the high mass of requiem, the celebrant was the Rev. Father Dwyer, of Mersa; the Rev. Father Joseph Kelly, of Gibson City, Ill., was deacon, and the Rev. P. J. Griffey, of Cullom, Ill., sub-deacon. The Rev. E. J. Kulery was master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by the Rev. M. J. Byrne, of Danville, Ill., who also gave the absolution. Among those who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Roche, the latter a sister of the deceased; Miss Mollie Emmet, Mr. John Emmet and family, Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham and family, Mr. and Mrs. David Emmet and family, Miss Mary A. Emmet, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Johanna Gaffey, Mr. and Mrs. John Costelloe, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Buckley, John Kennedy, Miss Maggie Kennedy, Thomas Reilly, Owen Scanlan, Mrs. Moran, Mr. Shanahan, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and John Ryan. The pallbearers were Daniel Buckley, John Costelloe, John Ryan, John Kennedy, Thomas Roche, and Thomas Reilly.

GAELIC POETRY.

RAINN
Le file elgin.

Mo dhith! mo dheacair! mo dhaithaid! mo dhithreoradh!
Seo an dis thug asmuilt a's maslughadh do'n Righ giormhar.
Crioch a leasa ni leanaid 'na bpriomh comhairle
A's thrid ni rachaid go cathair na Trionóide.

Seo an dis do spailp na leabhair go h-eugcórach.
Do dheighel le Peadar 's le teagasg na bhfireolach.
Le baols a m-beatha le maslughadh a's le milleorachd
Do dhiol a n-anam ar easna maith easoirfeolach.

Tar tuinn dá d-tagadh na fearcholn fiorchródha,
Sliocht Chuinn a's Chairbre 's a ndeachaidh do dhruim bóchna,
Bhéidheadh sgéimhle a's sgapadh a's creatha ar na fior-chóbuigh
Leighead agus leatha leaga agus fior-leonadh.

Guidhim a's aicim gach farraire fioreolach,
Gach saol, gach sagart, gach seabhac suilt siltheolte,
An dis-se charta do ghrada a's do shiorgólaidh
A g-cinn do ghearradh a's a g-ceangal le righin-córdalbh.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfales of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

JOHN BOYEE O'REILLY.

Written for the Dedication of the Memorial.

"What pledge of fealty do ye bring,
Children of Erin, at the gate?"
He asked, and answered: Everything
Best for the building of a State—

Strong arms to delve for nature's wealth;
Stout hearts to bear what fate decrees;
The poor man's heritage of health
And brains unspoiled by slothful ease;

The new-born joy that captives feel
Stepping from darkness into day,
That bids them face the fire or steel
If life alone their debt can pay—

All these, the Poet said, they brought,
Though scant indeed their worldly store,
Naught saying (for he reckoned naught)
Of the best gift of all they bore—

The Exile whom no chain could bind,
Who won his way to freedom's goal,
Wearing no fetters on his mind,
No brand of prison on his soul;

The man of kindly word and deed,
Who suffered much, forgiving all,
And questioned not of race or creed
When duty rang the battle call.

The walls of Caste that are so strong,
The chains of Sect that hold so well—
Built on the adamant of wrong,
Forged in the furnace fires of hell:

The insolence of birth; the pride
Of intellect, God's unearned gift
To thankless man; vain wealth astride
Its beggar steed, extolling thrift—

All these he fought, yet held no hate
For any man, but wrong alone;
And if this shaft proclaim him great
It is because love raised the stone.

Not less he loved the new, who saw
Through tears the sad old mother land;
An exile's pencil best might draw
The picture of the Pilgrim Band.

And if one ask for proof or test
Of Irish faith, we answer: Lo!
He is the pledge in every breast
For all that gratitude can owe.

But let the best of him belong
To all mankind by sorrow tried—
The brother of the lowly throng,
The Soldier of the Weaker Side.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

OBITUARY.

MR. CORNELIUS DESMOND QUIGLEY.

The untimely death of Mr. Cornelius Desmond Quigley, of Dubuque, Iowa, at the age of 38 years, at the Mercy hospital, this city, on the 20th inst., was a great shock to his many friends. The funeral took place Aug. 22, at his home in Dubuque. Mr. Quigley was for many years employed by the firm of Grommes & Ullrich, wholesale wine and liquor merchants, this city, and while in their service gave excellent satisfaction. He was a man of ability, of amiable disposition, and never failed to make friends.

ST. MALACHY.

When Malachy, the beloved of God, was proceeding the second time from Ireland to Rome, and had arrived at Pontefract, which is a short day's journey from the monastery (Clairvaux), being fatigued with traveling, and already seized with the distemper which carried him away, he came to a grange of ours. There he delayed for a while, and, being requested by some of the brethren who happened to be in the place, stayed for the night. The man, wholly devoted to God and his country, spent a great part of the night in the prayer of God; and at length seized with a certain divine ardor, his spirit seemed carried away from its earthly tenement. Suddenly a light from heaven shone round about him, while on bended knees, with hands joined, he gazed up into heaven. Two monks, Theodore and Reginald, who were waiting not far distant, marveled to see such things; they were astonished and suddenly cast down, trembling came upon them. Approaching nearer, and, in their reverential fear, being most attentive, they heard the voice at one time of the holy bishop, and at another, as it were, of some one speaking with him.

"Woe is me! alas for my ruined country! alas for the Holy Church of God! How long, O Lord, dost Thou forget us! How long, my country, art thou consumed with sorrow!" he exclaimed. A little after, as if some one spoke to him, although he himself uttered the words, "Be of good heart, my son," said he, "the Church of God in Ireland shall never fail. With terrible discipline long shall she be purified, but afterwards far and wide shall her magnificence shine forth in cloudless glory. And, O Ireland, do thou lift up thy head. Thy day also shall come—a day of ages! A week of centuries, equaling the seven deadly sins of thy enemy, shall be numbered unto thee. Then shall thy exceeding great merits have obtained mercy for thy terrible foe, yet so as through scourges great and enduring. Thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled, and their name taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, in so much shalt thou be exalted. Thy light shall burst forth as the sun, and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace and abundance within thy boundaries, and beauty and strength in thy defences."

At this he was silent for a while, then with a loud and joyous voice, he exclaimed: "Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace. Long enough have I lived! It is enough. The Church of God in Ireland shall never fail, and though long shall it be desired, my country shall one day stand forth in its might, and be fresh in its beauty like the rose."

On the following day the two monks, Reginald and Theodore, conducted the sick prelate, with his deacon, Virgilius, to Clairvaux. The rest, Father Abbot, is known to your reverence.

In point of plain, unvarnished commonplaceness, we see nothing to choose between the speech of W. J. Bryan and that of Bourke Cockran, said to have been made in reply to it. If the reputation of Bryan and Cockran as orators rested on their New York speeches, neither would ever be heard of again. But Bryan spoke at a certain convention, and Cockran made himself famous by attacking Cleveland, and afterward "supporting" the man he pilloried.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Harvest Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: Aug. 18, Sept. 1, 15, 29 and Oct. 6 and 20, at the low rate of $2 more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 3:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. Morrow, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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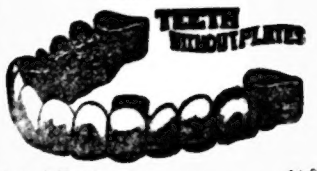

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OPEN EVENINGS.

BIKES.

[With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.]

Of all the vile inventions, misbegotten by mistake,
The thing they calls the bicycle does surely take the cake;
It's ugly, an 'e's vulgar, an 'e's dangerous to ride,
An' 'e kills the rest as rides 'im with a sort of beastly pride.

Oh, the bike, oh, the bike, oh, the scarin, cussin bike!
'E's just a oily terror from scorchin down the road!
With a grinnin idiot clingin to the 'andles hookey-stroke,
'Is shoulders 'unched above 'im like a 'umpy sort o' toad.

You think you'll learn to ride 'im coz it don't look 'ard at all,
But you've got to get acquainted just with every kind of fall.
You've got to learn 'ow gravel feels a-stickin in your jaw,
An what it is to 'ave your knees an knuckles always raw.

Oh, the bike, oh, the bike, oh, the wabblin, hobblin bike!
A-reelin an a-staggerin to an fro across the road;
You may 'it 'im if you're fast enough an cuss 'im if you like,
But 'e picks you out the 'ardest place an then 'e sheds 'is load.

An when you've learned to ride a bit an thinks afield to roam
The blasted thing collapses 'bout twenty miles from 'ome,
With 'is bloomin bellers busted, or it may be somethin wuss,
An you 'as to wheel 'im 'ome again, an lor, 'ow you does cuss!

Oh, the bike, oh, the bike, oh, the stumblin, tumblin bike!
The wily 'ily spider wheel a-grinnin where 'e lies.
Oh, ain't it jam to shove 'im when 'is works is on the strike,
An every 'arf a mile or so you stops to dama 'is eyes!

They say it's lovely hexercise; you'll think so pretty soon,
Same as a railway haccident, a hearthquake or typhoon.
When you turns a slipp'ry corner an 'e slides an falls down dead,
An you finds you're takin hexercise a-standin on your 'ead.

Oh, the bike, oh, the bike, oh, the thumpin, bumpin bike!
'E'll shake your mortal soul out when 'e gets on stony ground;
You 'ave to shove 'im up the 'ills an down 'em both alike.
For if 'e runs away with you, you might as well be drowned.

The 'orse 'e goes by rein an bit, the coster's moke's a moke,
The 'ansom cab's a daisy, an the rickshaw's just a joke;
But the bike's a 'orrid mixture, as on 'is face 'e shows,
Of a treadmill an a 'brellar frame an a length of garden 'ose.

Oh, the bike, oh, the bike, oh, the lanky, cranky bike!
'E's twenty ways of fallin down an can't stand up alone,
If there's a stone within a mile, you bet yer life 'e'll strike,
'E tumbles down an chucks you, an it's odds you breaks a bone.

'E takes the bit between 'is teeth a-goin down a 'ill,
An you loses both your treadles, an you comes a hawful spill,
An you breaks your knees an noses, an wi' luck you breaks your neck,
An that there blessed bicycle's a 'ideous, tangled wreck.

Oh, the bike, oh, the bike, oh, the rustin, [illegible] bike!
You a... im in the duck pond lyin on 'is slimy bed.
'E may rot 'isself to pieces just as quickly as 'e like,
An you thank your stars an garters it's 'im, not you, that's dead.

—Japan Mail.

KING OF THE MILL.

One summer's evening after supper M. La Rose, the village notary, came out upon the veranda of the Hotel Castor, his hat in his hand, his smoothly shaved face ruddy and pleasant to look upon. Brabon, the drummer, who came up from Montreal to St. Pyx occasionally on business, sat smoking quietly in a chair that was tilted against the wall.

"Good evening," said M. La Rose.

"Good evening, M. Le Notaire," answered Brabon indolently.

Then there followed a little spell of silence, that was intensified by the clatter of distant cowbells. Presently there appeared in the street immediately before the hotel a sort of living fantasy, a singularly dark faced old man, who strode slowly past, clad in a loose robe of many bright colors. His eyes had the unmistakable and restless look of the daft. On his head was a crown of buttons—brass, silver, bone, pearl—presumably sewed together on cardboard and making a headgear of remarkable brilliancy. Behind him walked a gray haired, gray eyed woman in ordinary garb. Her look was clear and steady, her demeanor in every way sane. Yet, though it was plain to see she was a commonplace, rustic woman, there was something august in her carriage, unaccountably so perhaps, but as natural as the studied pose of the other was constrained and unnatural. Her eyes were set fairly upon the fantastical figure before her with a meek, patient look and an evident interest beyond his ludicrous pomp and preoccupation.

It was not surprising, then, to the notary that this apparition, emphasized in the magic atmosphere of the summer twilight, should have made Brabon cry out with astonishment:

"Allons! What is this, monsieur? I have been in St. Pyx many times before; but, I declare, this is new."

"A very pathetic affair it is, Brabon," said the notary, taking a chair and looking at his watch, to be assured he had time to tell the tale before going for his customary evening chat with M. Le Dure in the presbytery rose garden.

"There is a tale?"

"Well, as you will; a history, nothing absorbing but very human, very touching. Old Cesaire Moisson, a man with a large family, a thrifty, sober, God fearing man, once owned the mill by the river of Angels"—

"Yes, I see it from here, the square white building near the cluster of willows yonder."

"Exactly. Well, he was a man with a considerable family, I said, did I not? And when the epidemic of smallpox occurred in the village—that was many years ago, monsieur—poor Moisson's family was attacked, and one after another his wife and children passed away, and he himself, indeed, till there was only left this son Zephrin, whom you saw go by a moment since"—

"It left him so—the smallpox?"

"No. He was not at home when the epidemic occurred; he was at college. Old Cesaire managed to put by enough silver to educate the lad, the brightest of his brood, and M. Le Cure also contributed, for he had hopes that Zephrin would become a priest."

"Then, I presume, the shock of this great calamity unbalanced the young man's mind."

"That may be pretty true, monsieur, though for a long time after the affair he was thought to be perfectly sound mentally. Well, Zephrin was obliged to leave college and take up the business of the mill. A lonely task it must have been for one who had but just tasted the sweets of knowledge. Then, every dusty timber of the mill must have seemed to him like a ghost of the happy days when the place was brimming with laughter and good cheer.

"He was not liked by the villagers on account of his silent and arrogant manner. He was unlike any miller who had ever been known. When the inhabitants came with their grists, he received them with the grand air of a seigneur of the old days who, amid his courtly entourage, received the fiefs of his dependents. 'It's like that always,' grumbled the crones; 'poor parents fill their children's minds with foolish notions of greatness. Poor old Cesaire himself—rest to his bones—was not like this peacock. Cesaire knew his place, bon vieux! A miller is a miller if his head be crammed with Latin or flour dust.'

"Every one pitied Zephrin, of course, on account of his great bereavement, and the business of the mill suffered no serious retrogression in consequence of his singular demeanor. This exclusiveness, this hauteur, however, was taken lightly by the young folk of the village, and often of a summer's evening, like this one, for instance, they passed by the mill crying up at Zephrin, who invariably pored over his books in the little dormer window, 'Behold, the king of the mill!' Then, with gestures of mock gravity, 'Think of his mighty empire of rats!' "

"Quite so," said Brabon, "They taunted him into insanity with these gibes. The crown, the rogues! I see now how they came!"

"Indirectly these taunts may have affected his mind, monsieur. His curious attire and mien are obviously suggestive of the fact, but it is my opinion his sad derangement is only partly due to them.

"Night after night the little dormer window of the mill was light till dawn. Yet the earliest comer did not fail to find Zephrin up and about. No one could understand, for not another light save the miller's might be found in all St. Pyx, not even at the presbytery, after 10 o'clock. At length the tongues of the gossips began to wag. It went abroad that he was closeted each night with the old man—the evil one—debating upon the sale of his soul for riches and power to satisfy his sinful pride. Again, others said it was not Zephrin's light at all, but only the glowing of the ghosts of his family, who came to entertain him. Indeed, taken all in all, the miller was become a fearsome individual and the neighborhood of the mill a place to be shunned after dark, unless one had no fear in his heart. If, by any unfortunate concurrence of sorceries, a person should chance to meet a firefly while passing the mill, no plunging of steel into wood might save him from the evil spirits. Even to bless himself and utter a pious invocation perhaps might not avail.

"In the midst of Zephrin's ill repute a singular thing occurred. He was known to have fallen into conversation with a customer. It was this way. Colette Dion came often to the mill with the grist of her mother, a poor widow with 13 children, of whom Colette was the eldest. One day when she came down alone the dandelion dotted parkway leading to the mill, with her mother's grist in a bag upon her head, Zephrin watched her with much interest. If common report may be believed, she was certainly in those days a picture not to be blinked casually. She had the figure of a nymph and a face, for all it was commonplace at points, something unusually fine for a villager. But the step, the carriage—it remains to this day, as we have seen, monsieur, dignified, distinguished, majestic. At first glance, it is said, there was some remarkable resemblance between Colette and Zephrin—and who can tell, it may have been some vague suggestion of congeniality, some thin ray, as from one distant planet to another, which inspired the miller's interest.

"When at length she arrived at the door of the mill and deposited her burden beside it, said he:

" 'You have a meaning step, p'tite, and a pretty one.'

" 'True?' questioned Colette, with something finely scornful on her eloquent lips. She was piqued, let us believe, since he had not noticed her pretty face, for, though a woman may be conscious of her subtlest grace and charm, homage to the features is the thing, the real joy. Isn't it so, Brabon?

" 'Well,' said the miller, 'I doubt not there is more in your mind than the mere grinding of yonder grist, eh?'

" 'It is my mind now,' said she. 'It was my step lately.'

" 'It is the mind which regulates the step, p'tite. I always watch the step when I would know the mind,' he responded.

"Now, there is much in these fragments which reveals the clearness of Zephrin's mind at that period and also the real character of the man and the bent of his spirit. You see, it was the gesture, the carriage, the aspect that interested him most. Why? We shall see. Though Colette, it may be presumed, did not realize the true significance of his words, she remembered them, every one, and repeated them to her mother, who in turn told everything to the cure, Langlois, from whom I have the story. The girl confessed also to her mother that she was much surprised regarding the ill reputed miller. 'M. Moisson—Zephrin,' she declared was not at all a weird man, but, on the contrary, very sensible and good natured. Yet her mother warned her she must be wary. Such fine qualities oftentimes screened the worst souls. Colette, however, maintained stolidly that not a word of the village gossip was true. 'Indeed,' said she, 'they say almost as naughty things of me, because they think I am proud. And you know, mamma, I am not proud or wicked.' So every time Colette fetched the grist to the mill she returned radiant and full of praise of the miller. At length one day said he to her, so she reported:

" 'Colette, I am going to ask you something.'

" 'If it is one thing, I know what my answer will be,' she responds, with much piquancy.

" 'Well, if I should ask you to marry me?'

" 'Then if I should answer 'No!'

" 'Why?' says the miller, his heart sinking to his boots, no doubt, but rising again very quickly when he catches the twinkle of mischief in her eyes.

" 'Because a common miller could never win my heart,' said she coquettishly, yet with something truly dramatic in her pose. 'That is only for a great man.'

" 'A seigneur?' ventured the miller.

" 'Higher.'

" 'A governor?'

" 'Nay, higher.'

" 'A prince?'

" 'Even higher.'

" 'A king?'

" 'Yes, a king.' Then, after a pretty pause, 'And that is thou, my dear king of the mill!' "

"Now he draws her hands across the door of the mill and kisses her fair head that is fallen against his breast, and that is all. Let us suppose they simply looked out, in a day dream, across the little river of Angels to the pleasant daisied meadows and green fields about here.

" 'Well,' says Zephrin to her, very gravely and with a new, strange look in his eyes—a look that frightens her not a little.

" 'They call me in contempt the King of the Mill, but they shall bow before me yet as before a king. And indeed I shall wear the robes of a king and speak the noble words of a king, which I am getting by rote each night where they see my lamp burning in the dormer window. Hein, they shall sit like rats, the rats whose emperor they say I am now, while I hold them in my spell with the brave lines of Moliere, of Corneille, of Racine!'

" 'The good St. Ann protect us! Who are they all?' queries Colette, now much perturbed. But the miller continues without noticing the interruption.

" 'And I shall come to you then with my triumphs, in my fine royal robes of purple and gold and ermine, with my glorious jeweled crown. And I shall kiss your hand, in homage to your beauty, and lay these laurels, these triumphs, at your feet, my queen, my Colette!'

"Just then appears a farmer with his grist, and the happy, frightened girl flits away like a startled bird."

"Bon Dieu!" said Brabon. "I see—the stage was his vagary."

"Yes," said the notary, bowing his head as before some great mystery, "at the college entertainments, while strutting through the plays of the great masters in the little hall, with its small stage and crude scenery. Before the common village audiences he first heard the siren voice of art. And it is as a siren's voice to some, you know, Brabon. Eh, bien! What is the difference? He is playing a role now. How tragic a role!"

"But about Colette?" interrupted Brabon, with some impatience. The gentle sentimentality of the notary escaped to an extent the bluff, practical drummer.

"Ah, there is the role, the role of beauty and distinction! Think of it! All along she has believed in him vaguely. From the day he had frightened her with his strange talk, seemingly so irrelevant to her happiness, her poor small mind was filled with visions of mysterious greatness and joys to be in the future, much as are our visions of the life to come. He asked her to wait. She must never be the wife of a common miller, but of a great man, a man whom the whole world applauded. And so she waited, trusting, loving, believing in him infinitely and even when her reason is fallen into decay. See the devotion! Each day, all these years, she goes to the mill and attends upon him, performing the household duties, conducting the business of the mill, detailing the work and instructing the men hired to do the milling. Thus has she cared for him as no one would care for a child, and, in all, save the matter of this vagary, he is obedient to her slightest whim."

Brabon touched the notary's arm.

"See, they come again!"

Once more the bizarre figure strode past, followed by the woman. They had walked to the church, where Colette was making a novena for Zephrin's recovery.

To look upon the notary one would suppose an angel passed, but there was on the face of the drummer only a look of perplexed incredulity.

When they were gone a little way, the notary arose, looked at his watch and made as to set forth. Brabon detained him.

"One word, monsieur. They are married now?"

"Oh, no! That could not be!" he answered, with something like a sigh. "They are still courting and looking forward to a day of greatness and making ready for the wedding. Mon Dieu, Brabon! That is love, eh?"—Philadelphia Times.

Rushing Into Danger.

A man should never lose his temper, for the reason that he is very apt at such a time to tell his friends the truth. —Atchison Globe.

THE RED RIVER NILE.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EXPLANATION OF A MIRACLE.

Accounting For the Processes by Which the Water Turned to Blood at the Command of Moses—A Plant May Have Been the Natural Element Employed.

The account of the turning of the waters of the Nile into blood is found in Exodus vii, 16-25. At the command of God, Moses stretched out the symbolic rod, itself a miraculous portent, over the waters and smote the Nile in the sight of Pharaoh. "And all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. And the fish that were in the river died, and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river." The miracle extended to all the canals and reservoirs and even domestic supplies of Egypt, as verse 19 says, "Upon their streams (canals), upon their rivers (branches of the Nile), upon their ponds (or lakes) and upon all their pools of water (reservoirs) and upon the water both in vessels of wood and in vessels of stone"—that is, the stone cisterns at the corners of the streets, and the domestic vessels in the houses. In this account, may not one say in passing that, in the very description of the operation of the plague, the historian proves his intimate acquaintance with the details of the geography of Egypt and of the home life of its people, which is strongly presumptive of personal observation of what he describes? Is there anything like it today in the phenomena of the Nile—that is, is there any natural condition of the Nile which the miracle could lay hold of and by intensification produce the plague?

For answer, says a writer in an English periodical, let me begin with a quotation from Osburn's "Monumental History of Egypt." It will lead up to the full explanation. "The sun," says Mr. Osburn, "was just rising over the Arabian hills, and I was surprised to see that the moment its beams struck the water a deep red reflection was caused. The intensity of the red grew with the increase of the light, so that even before the disk of the sun had risen completely above the hills the Nile offered the appearance of a river of blood. Suspecting some illusion, I rose quickly and, leaning over the side of the boat, found my first impression confirmed. The entire mass of the waters was opaque and of a dark red, more like blood than anything else to which I could compare it. At the same time, I saw that the river had risen some inches during the night, and the Arabs came to tell me it was the red Nile."

I do not use this common phenomenon of the Nile as an explanation of the plague, because the red Nile, although it has the appearance of blood, has none of the other deadly effects of the miracle. On the contrary, it is said that the waters of the red Nile are specially delicious and refreshing. But yet it does point us in the direction we must go for our geographical identification of the natural phenomenon and the miraculous plague, for the reddening material which is in the change and which may be healthy in a degree of moderation may become fatal when present in an excess such as the plague takes for granted. The question is, Is there what may be called a blood material present in the common phenomenon, and is there any proof that it can assume such deadly intensification as is seen in the miracle?

The naturalist Ehrenberg has investigated the cause of this blood appearance of the Nile and has shown that it arises from the presence, not of mud, as was for a long time supposed, but of infusoria and minute cryptogamous plants of a red color. As soon as we know this we can see the operation of the miracle—its operation, though, of course, not its originating power—for one of these plants is the alga, and the algæ, so minute in itself (there are from 46,656,000,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 of plants in a cubic inch), is capable of the most astonishing reproductiveness. It increases so rapidly that it actually flows. The whole bay of the Red sea in 1823 was turned to the color of blood by its presence, and the Elbe seemed to run blood from the same cause at the beginning of this century. Imagine, then, this alga, stimulated by divine power to an abnormal excess, increasing so as not only to color the water, but to possess it, to thicken it indeed into the consistency of blood with frightful productiveness, and then you have the plague.

An illustration of such a fact is quoted by Geikie from Siliman's Journal. He says that there is an account of a fountain in a cave in South America which flowed like blood, whose fluid seemed to grow solid, and when it was placed in bottles it worked in them and burst them, and dogs could eat it, and did so greedily. The miracle of Moses only needed to intensify the flowing increase of the alga to something like this degree, and then we reach the condition of the recorded plague, for it is certain that the Nile has been known not only to have the same look, but also to have been bloodlike and to have remained fetid for months.—Washington Star.

Strong In Brain and Brawn.

The average student in an American college today is a fine specimen of manhood, physically as well as mentally. This was not generally so a generation ago. The student of antebellum days was, as a rule, mentally strong, but physical weak. His brain was cultivated, but his brawn was neglected. He was apt to be round shouldered, narrow chested, hollow cheeked and spindle shanked and as lean as the typical Brother Jonathan drawn by the caricaturists. He wasn't at all comparable in physical beauty to his sons and grandsons of today. This is due to the fact that the young man of today "goes in strong," as the English say, for athletics. His progenitors didn't.—Kansas City Star

TOLSTOI ON DECADENCE.

His Views as Translated From an Interview In a Moscow Paper.

Our literary men of the present day are "decadents," and by "decadents" I mean that school of writers who having no ideas of their own and having nothing whatsoever to express strive nevertheless to make some impression upon the public by introducing into their works various little scenes or mere words devoid of any serious thought and meaning. "Decadence" in literature is much more powerful and dangerous in its pernicious influence than most of us are prone to believe. Our critics generally regard the tendency either with utter indifference or with a smile, never suspecting that such a tendency does in a great measure reflect upon our literature in general.

And right here I wish to draw the distinction between the two types of "decadents"—the reserved, or those who are inclined to conceal the fact of belonging to the school, and the pronounced type, or those who go on with their work regardless of public opinion. We have at the present day a superabundance of dramatic works, original as well as translations, and, as I hear, our public eagerly views these productions, being perfectly happy when its nerves are shattered and strained to the utmost, a consummation which our modern dramatists devoutly wish for.

Of the two types I regard the former—namely, the reserved—as the most dangerous, and its pernicious influence upon the general public can scarcely be overestimated.

Our modern fiction is, I am sorry to note, devoid of originality of thought as well as of boldness of expression. One's own idea and that alone is a thing of great value, being the only factor in insuring life and utility to the production of an artist. Alfred de Musset was the first to express this idea when he said, "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre."

Perhaps my advanced age accounts in a large measure for the view which I take of things. To an old man, you know, the past seems more attractive. However I personally do not only prefer the literature of the past, but also the past generation—in other words the reflections of the past epoch seem to me purer, better and more moral than those of the present. I attempted to convey this idea in my "Power and Darkness," sharply drawing the line between the past and the rising generations. Human kindness and faith were built upon stronger foundations than at present.

Although I can claim no acquaintance with the newspaper world, I have nevertheless always felt a sort of admiration, at times mingled with a feeling of envy, for the newspaper men. Journalism is at least a tolerable vocation, inasmuch as it does not require of one to enter with his whole heart and soul into a certain idea or to experience all those little mental torments which invariably precede and accompany the appearance into the world of an author's production. Aside from this, a journalist acquires in course of time a certain technicality, of which, I must confess, I cannot boast. Not to mention the fact that I take the most scrupulous care in revising and polishing every sentence in my literary works, I find it hard at times to write an ordinary, everyday letter, often finding it necessary to rewrite it five or six times. The only time when I write with ease is when I forget about the very process of writing and am given over to my thoughts. At the present time I am so busy revising and rewriting my new story that I feel the lack of technicality the more keenly. I feel that there is plenty of work to be done and but little time left to do it. Time does not stay; old age begins to assert itself. I feel the approach of death. It is not distant. Common arithmetic proves that my years are numbered.

The Measles.

A patient attacked with measles feels out of sorts for a week or ten days. His eyes are red and tearful, and he has all the outward and visible signs of a bad cold in the head. His temperature rises to perhaps 103 or 104 degrees F., and about four days later he comes out in a speckled red rash, which, beginning on the face and hands—parts of the body exposed to the air—soon covers him from top to toe. In that condition he is often likened by the wit of the family to a boiled lobster. At the end of a few days the rash fades away, the fever falls, and in another week or so the patient is well. Such is the course of a mild attack, but there is hardly any infectious disease in which severe and fatal complications are more liable to occur. As a rule these accidents take the form of inflammatory lung troubles, such as bronchitis and pneumonia. More rarely they lead to chronic mischief, such as consumption. —Nineteenth Century.

Overeating.

The greatest mistakes of all are overeating and eating too often. So long as youths and maidens are growing, the system needs extra nourishment to build up the framework of the day. Adults do not require this. They have need of food only to supply the materials for new blood to make up for the waste of tissue. This waste of tissue is constantly going on, to be sure, but only in the direct ratio to the work we do, whether mental or bodily. If a greater quantity of food is taken into the system than can be used up, it is almost as deleterious as if we had swallowed so much sand.—New York World.

His Advertisement.

Visitor—Call your paper a great advertising medium, do you? It isn't worth anything. I put in an advertisement last week and didn't get an answer, not one.

Editor—Dear me! How was your advertisement worded?

Visitor—A poor young man wants a pretty wife who can do her own housework.—London Tit-Bits.

Seasickness, a Mechanical Remedy.

None of the "remedies" discovered for seasickness in the past has been very effectual. Mr. Thomas Moy now writes suggesting something new in this way. Some years ago, when crossing the Irish channel on board a passenger steamer, with a very rough sea, it occurred to him that as the motions of the vessel produced seasickness it might be possible to so utilize such motions as to prevent that disagreeable malady. The vessel has three kinds of motions, a rising and falling motion of the entire vessel, an oscillatory motion longitudinally about its center of gravity and a transverse rolling motion. Mr. Moy treated the longitudinal motions as having a tendency to drive matter, centrifugally, toward the head and stern and the rolling motions as having a similar tendency to drive matter outward from the center of such motions.

Now for details. "The entrance to the stomach," says Mr. Moy, "is on the left side of the body, the esophagus end, and the exit is on the right side, the pyloric orifice, and my experiment consisted in utilizing the longitudinal motions so as to keep the food in the stomach and utilizing the rolling motions so as to assist the natural operations of the esophagus in propelling the food toward the pyloric orifice. This I effected by selecting a couch arranged in a line with the keel, lying with my head toward the engine room and lying upon my left side." The experiment, Mr. Moy adds, was entirely successful, and he has always adopted it in rough seas when a suitable berth could be obtained. It would be interesting to know whether any one else has tried the remedy, and, if so, with what result.—Westminster Gazette.

Opticians and Oculist.

The London Lancet has taken up the subject of the proper relation that should exist between the optician and the eye doctor. It is precisely because the advances of our knowledge during the last few years have lifted the whole matter into the professional sphere, says this journal, that it behooves opticians to be chary of prescribing glasses, however competent they may be to determine the precise lens or combination of lenses required. Even in this respect there are limitations to their powers, for the optician would not be justified in employing atropine, without the use of which in many cases the appropriate glasses cannot be ascertained. Ophthalmic surgeons have reason to be grateful to the opticians for the beauty and perfection of the lens they supply and for many useful suggestions they have made in regard to mounting, and we are sure that in the long run those opticians will thrive best who will devote their energies to the resources of their art. Though they may be thoroughly competent to deal with the physical aspect of the question, additional and special medical knowledge is required to determine whether it is advisable to adopt these very measures which, from a physical point of view, leave nothing to be desired.

A Canard.

"What is the origin of the expression 'a canard' (literally a duck) when a wonderful story that has no foundation in fact is meant? Even Frenchmen cannot say. It is now claimed that the honor of the invention belongs to M. Cornelissen, a member of the academy of Brussels. He had noticed some wonderful 'yarns' in the daily paper to which he subscribed, and in order to satirize the writers he sent in one himself as a joke. It was about a pretended experiment with 25 ducks, as it tended to show that ducks are cannibals. He had, he said, killed the ducks one by one and fed the survivors exclusively on the body, and in course of time there remained but 1 duck of the whole 25. This last of the ducks was said to have had a post mortem examination made on its body, when it was found to be suffering from certain internal injuries, as the supposed consequences of its strange diet. The paragraph, which the writer never expected to see in print, was published and sent the rounds. It got to America, whence it was constantly coming back, and the phrase, 'It is another canard,' or duck, became common in newspaper offices."—London Tablet.

The Sorrows of a Collector.

One of the brightest men in town—a man you'd swear came from some cultured center of the east if his name didn't specifically assert precisely the opposite—has the Robert Louis Stevenson mania in its most aggravated form. Some little time ago a friend wrote him that he had procured for him, after unheard of exertions, a genuine Stevenson autograph. The news raised him into a seventh heaven of bliss and into the very top story of the heaven at that. Actually to have some exquisitely constructed sentence, some flash of immortal genius, some intimate expression of deepest thought from the master's pen, seemed too much to hope for. At length, however, the precious document came. The enthusiast unfolded it. It was a small slip of paper, on which were the magical words:

Please deliver to bearer $1.50.
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Still, it was a genuine autograph.—Washington Post.

Tarried Too Long.

As she rolled her wheel through the front doorway she was accosted by a smooth mannered person, who raised his hat politely when he began speaking.

"Madam," he said, "I am representing the Society For Clothing Discharged Criminals. At present we are in great need of garments of all sorts, but especially of trousers. Have you any old—any old"—

"Sir!" she exclaimed. "I am a single woman."

He smiled politely and seemed pleased that she should so confide in him, but waited patiently for her answer. This, it is said, is why she hit him over the head with her monkey wrench.—Chicago Tribune.

MANICURING AT HOME.

One Branch of a Business That Is Constantly Increasing.

Of the greatly increased and still increasing number of persons who have their hands attended to by professional manicures, a considerable number now have the work done at home. Among the customers at the large manicuring establishments there are almost as many men as women. Those whose hands are cared for at home are nearly all women and regular customers. Operators are sent to them at any desired hour from the manicuring establishments, and there are now visiting manicures who devote themselves entirely to home work. The visiting manicure acquires the art in a manicuring establishment. An apt pupil can learn the work in two or three months. Then she sets about building up a route of customers. Women usually have their hands cared for once a week. They are not likely all to want the work done at the same time, and the visiting manicure endeavors to lay out a route that can be covered without loss of time and which will keep her constantly employed.

More and more parents now have the hands of their children, both boys and girls, cared for by a manicure, beginning when the child is 6 or 7 years old. In the case of children, the work is as often done to cure them of the habit of biting the finger nails as it is to beautify them. It is sought to instill in the child a pride in the appearance of the nails, and thus to prompt it to preserve them in good order. The work thus begun is likely to be continued for purposes of beautifying.

The number of people, men and women, who now have their feet attended to by the chiropodist, as they do their hands by the manicure, has also increased greatly. The work upon the hands is done to beautify them; upon the feet, for comfort. It is now required, by the law of June 3, 1895, that chiropodists shall pass an examination by a board of examiners of the Pedic Society of the State of New York. Some persons have their feet cared for at home, but much the greater number go to a manicuring establishment, in which chiropodists also are employed, or to a chiropodist's establishment.—New York Sun.

AN ABLE PRACTICAL JOKE.

It Created Considerable Excitement In a University City.

The Cambridge (England) Independent Press retells the story of the hoax perpetrated upon the civic and university authorities at Cambridge on the occasion of the visit of the late shah of Persia to that country. It was on Saturday, June 28, 1873, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, that a telegram was found lying on the hallkeeper's table in the Guildhall. It was directed to the worshipful the mayor of Cambridge, was signed by Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton and read as follows:

"His imperial majesty the shah of Persia desires to visit your university town today en route for London by special, arriving at Cambridge station about 1:10 o'clock. Be prepared with escort and reception as far as time allow."

Instantly everybody began tumbling over his fellow. The town clerk was sent for, and messages were dispatched to the vice chancellor, the members of the corporation, the volunteer officers and the cook of St. Peter's college kitchen. The vice chancellor hurried on his robes, the aldermen and councilors did ditto, the volunteers donned their uniforms, and the cook began to boil and fry.

Nor were the general public behindhand. Flags were hung out and crowds gathered in the street. Dr. Cookson, the vice chancellor (irreverently known in those days as "Dismal Jimmy"), made his way to the station as fast as his dignity would permit. The mayor, Mr. T. H. Naylor, and the corporation followed suit. A guard of honor and carriages were in waiting, and soon everybody was there except the shah. Then the news flew round that the railway officials knew nothing about the special train, and after a brief delay it was apparent that the whole thing was a hoax. The perpetrators of the hoax were never discovered, though two persons were afterward freely mentioned in connection with it. In the year of grace 1873 the era of practical jokes was past, but had the authors of the shah's visit been alive in the days of Theodore Hook they might have lived in literature.

Inhaling Carbonic Acid.

Professor Ugolino Mosso of Turin has tested the breathing of soldiers during an expedition up Monte Rosa, and found that the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled by a man at a height of 20,000 feet or so differs very slightly from what it is at the sea level or near it. The professor has also subjected himself to a rarefied atmosphere in the Physiological institution at Turin, and found that when the pressure in the air was still 34 centimeters (about 7 inches) of mercury, he felt no inconvenience, but when it was reduced to 30 centimeters (about 6 inches) he felt a great want of breath, and became unfit to make observations.—London Globe.

Artist Gould's First Success.

Mr. F. C. Gould's first successes as a caricaturist were in Barnstaple. He sketched the local jailer, and that important functionary went to the mayor. "He's been a caricatoorin me, has young Frank Gould. He drawed a picture o' me as a—a Christmas pig wi' an orange in my mouth. I beant a-goin to stand it, Mr. Mayor." "Take no notice," said his worship. "Ah, but he's been a-caricatoorin o' you, too, Mr Mayor." The mayor thereupon intimated that he must warn the young artist.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Moslem women attach such importance to covering the face that when taken by surprise without a veil a woman will often catch up her skirt and veil her face with it, leaving the lower limbs bare to the knees.

FUNERALS IN PALESTINE.

Manifestations of Grief That Come Down From Great Antiquity.

At each death the women begin a peculiar lamentation, by which the entire village is informed that a death has taken place. At once the relatives come in their best clothes and join in with the lamentation. The women nearest connected with the departed rend their clothes—i. e., the upper garment, which is in the shape of a shirt, and is held by means of a girdle around the waist. The garment they seize at the opening in front on the chest and tear it downward, and the deeper the grief the larger will be the rent. This is afterward stitched together, but in such a way as to show the seam on the outside. Then these mourners put on their best garments, uncover their heads, which at all other times are covered, tear out their hair, strike their faces, scratch their countenances, beat their breasts, and many smear soot over their faces. Occasionally it happens that men, too, give vent to the violence of grief by tearing their clothing and pulling out their beards. That these manifestations of grief are from great antiquity we can see from the book of Job, written probably 1,500 years before Christ. When Job's three comforters came to him, they, too, wept and lamented and tore their garments and strewed dust upon their heads and sat with him seven days and seven nights upon the ground without speaking (Job ii, 11). When David, according to II Samuel xviii, 33, received the news that his son was dead, he went into his room and wept. His grief was so great that those without heard him (II Samuel xix, 2-4).

On the following day the body is carried into the church. While this is being done a number of women keep up a kind of a dance outside of the church, while they lament and moan, with their hair in disheveled state. The same thing is done at the grave. It is peculiar that the Arabs are so anxious to have their dead buried in the tomb of their ancestors, and this prevails to such an extent that many families can remember that their great-great-grandfather and all his descendants were put into the same grave. In case a person dies at a distance from his native village his body is brought home for burial. This reminds us of Jacob and his last request made to Joseph to bury him with his fathers (Genesis xlvii, 30, and l, 5-7). On the next morning, very early, certain women go to the grave to weep over the dead, as was done by the women on the morning of Easter (Luke xxiv, 1). After they have returned to their homes and have attended to their daily duties they go to an open place, which is in many cases a thrashing place, while the men are invited into the house of some friend. In these thrashing places the women sing funeral songs and repeat their lamentations, in which the virtues of the departed are extolled. Every family of standing in the village brings some freshly baked bread (Jeremiah xvi, 7), together with some dessert, such as lard, fried eggs, honey, olives, etc., for the women lamenting at the thrashing places, where, too, women from other villages have gathered for the same purpose. These things are brought to the mourners as food, and, after eating, all present take part in this official mourning for the dead. The men, too, come, bringing a sheep, which is killed for the benefit of the family and the mourners.

This reminds us of the official mourning of 70 days for Jacob and of 40 days for Moses. At the present time it is the custom to keep up the lamentation for two or three weeks, during which time the participants in the ordeal change from day to day. The women from the neighboring villages spend at least one night in this mourning place, while some remain from three to seven days. On the third, ninth and fortieth days special services take place at the graves, on which occasion the minister blesses the food which has been brought by relatives. This is repeated after six months and on the first anniversary of the death.—Evangelische Blatter.

How They Circumvented Their Chief.

One of Roosevelt's many funny experiences with New York policemen recalls a story often told of Inspector Pearson, whose noiseless galoshes were long the terror of Washington cops. While walking in one of the streets of Georgetown about 12 years ago Inspector Pearson came upon two police officers sitting on the doorstep of a private residence, oblivious to the goings on in their beats. Pearson quietly took the number of the house and had the delinquents hauled before the trial board for neglect of duty. Ordinarily there would have been little hope for men in their position, but they were resourceful. With the consent of the occupants they employed a carpenter to remove the steps from the house and place them in front of the next residence. Then, as a defense, they stated that there were no steps in front of the house where the inspector declared he had seen them sitting. The trial board visited the place in a body, found that the officers' statement was true and dismissed the case, to the great surprise of Inspector Pearson. Some years afterward he heard of the trick and declared it the best that had ever been played upon him.—Washington Post.

Crazed by the Lack of Snow.

One of the most prosperous lumber merchants of Sangerville, Me., is now in an insane asylum because of a lack of snow during the past winter. Last fall he took big contracts to cut and deliver lumber, and, after cutting it could not deliver it because there was no snow, a most unexpected and unusual contingency. Disappointment and anxiety did the rest.—Boston Herald.

Regretful Meeting.

"Did you have a pleasant meet?" asked Binks of the wheelman.

"No," said the latter, "I did not. I met the man I owe for my bicycle."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Normandy Cider and Champagne.

As a fact, the finest cider is not made by the British grower, but in Normandy. They have in that province brought cider making to perfection. The total produce every year there amounts to hundreds of millions of gallons, and it is made with the utmost care. To begin, they choose the site of the orchard with judgment and see that the soil is of the type which apples love, and they are equally thoughtful in selecting the varieties of the apple most fit for cider. Indeed, for the very finest cider their solicitude is so great that none but the second or third year's fruit of the trees is used, and when the process of fermentation is reached nothing is left to chance. Chemists of great experience watch the changes in the liquor, and the skill with which the process is regulated is based on the knowledge gathered from long practice. The result is that some Normandy cider is equal in delicacy and flavor to fine champagne, and many cheap champagnes are simply sophisticated cider.

This deception is very general. The great bulk of the cider made in Normandy goes to the champagne districts and is used to make cheap champagne and to form the body of other wines too. Port, it seems, can be made and often is made of cider, the color being imparted by logwood or red beet juice and the flavor by the addition, in very nice proportions, of the root of the rhatany. This, it is said, is an imitation so excellent that the flavor would deceive a good judge of port. It is quite certain that all the cider made in Normandy does not, by a very large proportion, go on the market as cider, and that it is sold in the guise of cheap wines, both white and red. Certainly than the champagne cider of Normandy there is nothing more delicate and effervescent, unless it be the same product of California when at its best.—Chambers' Journal.

Dr. Johnson and Macpherson.

Though not the most virulent, Dr. Johnson was certainly the most formidable of Macpherson's opponents. He threw all his influence into the scale against the poems. He uttered the dictum that "Gaelic was the rude speech of a barbarous people, who were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood." This argument, it is true, would have carried more weight if the doctor had possessed an elementary acquaintance with the Gaelic language. There seemed to be nothing more to be said for the antiquity of the poems when Johnson laid it down that "there was not a Gaelic manuscript in the world 100 years old, and there could be no polished language without writing." And besides, whether ancient or modern, whether by Ossian or Macpherson, the poems were worthless. They were mere "bombast and fustian." It was "easy to abandon one's mind to write such stuff."

Macpherson's reply to Johnson was to send a challenge to fight, couched, it is said, in the following elegant piece of Latinity:

"Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum."

The doctor answered by purchasing a stout oak cudgel and issuing an ultimatum, in which he said, "I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." Though Macpherson sulked in his tent and made no detailed reply to his critics and accusers, one of his backers kept up the spirit of the controversy by a retort, in which he made a threefold classification of liars into ordinary liars, d——d liars and literary critics.—Macmillan's Magazine.

As She Figured It.

"Orlando," she said, "I am afraid you are getting tired of having me ask you for money."

"Well, you see," he answered, "I have a good deal of expense to meet just at this time of year, and it does seem once in awhile that women don't make enough allowances for that sort of thing."

"Well," she answered, "I've thought of a way that will fix it all very nicely."

"What is it?"

"Whenever you go to the barber shop and the boy brushes you off, you give him a dime, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And when you are away from home at a hotel and a boy brings you ice water you give him a dime."

"Yes."

"And a mixed drink costs 15 cents."

"Of course."

"Well, you've often said that women have no head for arithmetic, but I am going to convince you to the contrary. I am going to learn to make your favorite mixed drinks. That'll be 15 cents a day. Then I'll bring you ice water in the morning. That'll be 10 cents. And then I'll brush your clothes off with a whisk broom, and that'll be 10 cents more. There's 35 cents a day. I've figured it all out on this little piece of paper. Three hundred and sixty-five days in a year; that's 365 times 35, which makes $127.75. If you will give me that without my asking for it, just as you do the bell boys and the bartender I can put it with my regular housekeeping allowance and manage to get along much better."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Rothschild Colony.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild has established another colony in Palestine. The new colony, which is situated in Galilee, not far from Damascus, consists of a village of 8,000 acres, with numerous springs and the sources of the river Jordan. This settlement, which will be colonized by 50 farm laborers of tried experience, will be interesting as an experiment in home rule. In the other settlements an administrator and a staff of officials manage the affairs of the colonists, but the new colony will regulate its own affairs.

Sarcastic.

Dibley—Many of the brightest men in this city came from our little town.

Glibley—Is that why they came from there?—Roxbury Gazette.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 804 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 8 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathei's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

[illegible] Fifteenth st.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Miethaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dryer street
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, [illegible]
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

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Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1239 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

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Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

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Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1056 S. Robey st.
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Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

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Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 545 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

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Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 56 8 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

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Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, W. E. Moran, 1505 West Polk st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco sts.

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Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1525, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 114th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 611 Park av.
Vice President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, [illegible] West Lake st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur McGinn.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

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Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5488 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meet Second Thursday of each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beckman.
Treasurer, Mrs. M. Denne.
Meet the 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p.m. in St. Patrick's hall.

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Captain, A. J. Connolly, [illegible] Loomis street.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

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Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Parnell Council No. 26 meets on 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Corcoran's hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue at 8 p. m. President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State st; Vice-Pres., Joseph J. Healy; Rec. Sec., J. T. Scott, 702 W. Forty-third st.; Fin. Sec., Wm. McNicholas; Treas., Edward Hogan.

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Vice President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
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Drudgery.

The everyday cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon its wheels the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—Longfellow.

Art thou a man, and shamst thou not to beg, to practice such a servile kind of life? Why, were thy education ne'er so mean, having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses offer themselves to thy election.—Ben Jonson.

Letter writers in Spain receive about 10 cents a page for writing letters. If required to take extra pains, as with a young woman's love letter, they charge 15 cents.

Rhode Island over 100 years ago was called Little Rhody, an allusion to the diminutive size of this commonwealth.

No man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not nourished, and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.—Channing.

Forty years ago a woman was old and were a cap at [illegible] From present indications [illegible] women will not [illegible] old until they reach the century mark.

THE POSTPONED THIRD ANNUAL PICNIC
OF THE
Ancient Order Hibernians
Of Cook County,
SUNDAY, AUG. 30,
At COLUMBIA PARK, On Santa Fe Railroad.

Proceeds to be used for Erection of a Monument in A.O.H. Lot in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

PARTIAL LIST OF ATTRACTIONS—Boating and Fishing, Games, Races, Military Drills, Dancing, Contests, Band Concerts, Vocal Concerts. Refreshments served on the grounds. Twenty-three Games. Forty-six Prizes.

THREE TRAINS—First Train leaves Polk-st. Depot over Western Indiana R. R. at 9:30 a. m. sharp, stopping as follows: 31st st, 39th st, 47th st, 49th and Halsted sts, and 49th and Ashland av. stations. Second Train leaves Santa Fe Depot, Polk st, at 10:30 a. m., stopping at 23d st, Archer av, and Deering st. and Western av. Third Train will leave depot at 1:30 p. m., same route as first train. Returning at 6:30 p. m.

TICKETS, for Round Trip - - - 50 CENTS

Tickets Sold for July 30 will be Honored Aug. 30.

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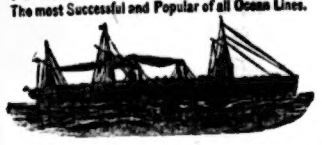

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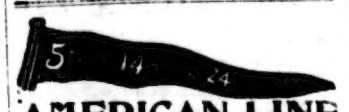

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